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THE
KENTISH CURATE;

OR, THE
HISTORY
OF

LAMUEL LYTTLETON,

A
FOUNDLING.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

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THE

KENTISH CURATE;

THE

OF THE

KENTISH CURATE;

OF THE

LAMBERT HUTTON

OF THE

PROVINCIAL HUTTON



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A D V E N T U R E S

O F

LAMUEL LYTTLETON,

THE KENTISH CURATE.

B O O K T H E F I F T H.

THE horror of our captivity was greatly alleviated by the variety of scenes represented in the hold. It is almost incredible to conceive what hilarity reigned amidst the multitude of impressed men in every quarter. The number was prodigiously increased

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before

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before midnight; and the garnish-money being laid out in potent ale, many of the most daring grew inebriated, noisy, and quarrelsome.

The captain, so called, because the oldest prisoner, formed a mock impress gang, and dispatched his mermaids to the several corners of the place, to imitate the ferocity of those dealers in human blood, which brought them to that place of torment. Those who were taken, and would not advance money for ale, were carried before a sham regulating board, and there had their several distinctions pointed out. Those who were passed, retired to their several births, and there diverted themselves with different modes of gambling. One party I saw playing at cards in a corner, when the loser of the game was subjected to a dozen lashes with a knotty cord, bestowed by the winner: but their hands were as hard as the ropes which had encrusted them, and they bore all the whips and scourges with a chearfulness that surprized me.

Mock

Mock tribunals also were erected in this floating tophet; and those whom the court-martial pleased to try and punish, were *really* severely bastinadoed. Mr. Herries, his cousin, and myself, happily escaped the wantonness of these restless sons of Neptune, by dint of bribery; and we had taken poor Kenneth into our company, so that he kept himself from their clutches. By the favor of the nominal captain, we gained a reclusive corner of the vessel, and there sat down on the pitched planks, for all the hammocks were occupied.

At length, the severe usage of this tribunal raised the resentment of several stout fellows, who united in their own defence, and drew over to their side the majority of the more sober part of the crew. This brought on a battle between the opposing parties, and the whole hold was suddenly cast into confusion and wild uproar. They rushed upon one another like so many mastiffs or bull dogs. I observed the captain deal around him several desperate blows, until his eyes were sealed by

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the fist of an antagonist, whose second stroke made the blood spout like a cataract from his nose, and laid him sprawling on the floor.

The undaunted adherents of this champion, laid low on the board of battle, rallied all their forces, and rushed forward in the fight, with knives, and pieces of rope. Those on the other side observing this, resumed their rage, hurled their impetuous fury on the heads of their foes, and heaped them upon their defeated leader. And now destruction hovered over the fallen miscreants, from whom arose the most hideous lamentations and doleful cries. The whole hold was in the utmost disorder imaginable. I thought all this commotion had been unfeigned, and positively the effect of anger; when suddenly, on the opposite side of the ship, an aperture was cut by two sailors, who were ship carpenters, in order to give those who could swim, an opportunity to escape to shore. I now was convinced, that all this seeming horrid confusion was only raised to give these men an opportunity of cutting the planks; but by what

what tool they performed the operation, I could not learn. However, they had gone too low in the vessel, not considering that so great a number of men being on board must make the ship draw many feet of water more than at the time when they had pitched on that point; which, I understood, was the only vulnerable spot within their observation.

The bottom of the aperture being about two inches beneath the water, the sea poured into the hold, and roused the *dead men* on the floor, who gave the general and loud acclaim, that we were all lost men, for the ship was sinking!

The dreadful din in the hold awakened those officers and centinels who were upon deck, or in the cabin, and who fired several small guns to announce their approach. The hatches were unlocked, and down came the master at arms, with a gang of sailors armed with hangers and pistols, followed by as many as choaked up the gang-way, and barred the passage against us. It was well that the bulk of the crew below ran to the side oppo-

site the hole that was made ; for they weighed down the vessel that way, and raised the aperture almost above water. Had not this been done, and I believe it was more through the good guidance of providence, than any foresight in the crew, we should have all been inevitably sunk to the bottom.

The cause of the confusion being discovered, an officer, who at last came down, after he knew that the danger was but small, caused the hole to be immediately filled up in the securest manner. He then ordered the people of the ship to return with him to the deck, leaving us again to our own meditation. About half an hour after, all our names were called over by an officer, who soon discovered some of the ringleaders in the riot, and those to whose ingenuity we were indebted for the imminent danger we had recently been in.

The mock captain and his outrageous clan were all strung upon an iron rod, which ran through a circular iron, fixed to each of their legs ; and, in that plight, they were placed immediately

immediately under the gang-way, where hung a light, that they might be subject the inspection of the guard above the hatches. However, many of the chief offenders passed unknown, and chose to take up their residence close to where I and my companions were seated, who had remained in a manner passive during the transaction, which was near the head of the ship, and almost beneath the other gang-way; and which, although barricaded with iron and oak, admitted a feeble ray from the light upon deck, and permitted us to peep at the stars, which now shining bright in the nocturnal heavens, discovered to us that the fog had fled away in the course of the night.

Mr. Herries several times, in the midst of the hurly burly, had attempted to address the impetuous fellows, who unaminously enjoined him to be silent. Now the battle was lost and won, he was impatient to speak; but I begged him to preserve his taciturnity till he came before the board the next morning; and

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rather act the part of an auditor, on the present occasion, than the orator.

The reverend gentleman had the good sense to take my advice ; so we all lay down, in our cloaths, on the bare boards, making the side plank, which projected, our pillows, with a design to sooth our sorrow by the grand restorative of nature's balmy sleep.

But my mind was too much discomposed by the present calamity, and the anticipation of coming evils, to admit the gentle visitant to approach my uncomfortable couch. I took a retrospect of my past life, and recollected the ways of providence to me during my infancy, when forsaken by my mother, and when I hung upon the breast of a stranger. My generous patron, Lord Lyttleton, next engrossed my gratitude, since he, under kind heaven, had protected me almost from my birth to the present moment. His paternal care was extended to me during the days of my advance in life. To him it was owing that I had risen above the vulgar class of my fellow creatures, and been taught to look forward

ward with joy on futurity.—But my amiable Maria—the virgin of my first affection dwelt chiefly on my heart, of all terrestrial prospects.—Alas! how unconscious are all my friends of my present woe!—My parents, whom I came in quest of, are totally insensible of this my dreadful captivity, and my noble patron can form no idea of this awful situation. Nay, even my surrounding friends, who participate of the same calamity, and are fallen down on the same pitchy planks, seem now sunk into insensibility, and remember their misery, and me, no more.

Undisturbed, I spent a considerable time in deep reflection, and painful perturbation. But why art thou, O my soul, thus disquieted?—Trust in God; for he will yet restore thee to his favor, and make all his goodness pass before him in thy behalf.—Although numerous as the hairs of my head have been the errors and follies of my youth and riper years, yet has not his mercy cancelled thy crimes? Has not his piety pardoned all thy offences, by virtue of the great atonement?

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At present, what have I to dread. I labor
not with guilt; those who have taken me
captive can lay no crime to my charge.
Conscious then of my integrity, I will still
look up to the highest, from whom alone I
expect help in this time of trouble; for shall
not my ways be upheld, whilst under me
are the everlasting arms?

Then murmur not, my soul, tho' thus forlorn;
Anon may spring the unexpected morn.

The hand divine that guided all my youth,
And led me through the pleasant paths of truth,
Shall all its future guardian care engage,
And stem the torrent of man's rising rage.
On the Almighty word I'll firmly trust,
And heaven will prove as merciful as just.
He who till now, remov'd me from each ill,
Will by his friendly aid support me still;
Protect my dear Maria from all harms,
And make me happy in her chastest charms.

I was diverted from those and such conso-
latory thoughts, by a strange dialogue, which
commenced near the place of my situation.
I thought the whole crew, myself excepted,
had been bound by the filken cords of sleep;
but

but I was deceived, and so I believe were the following persons in the drama, else they never durst have opened their minds with such almost unparalleled freedom. I collected the names of the parties from their own conversation; and their voices being as various as their characters, I was enabled to make the distinction with the greater facility.

Pollard. Cowling, are you as fast as a church?

Cowling. No, d—me; I am as wakeful, as when you and I were the two babes in the wood at York.

Pollard. Aye, that cursed pillory has made me hang down my head ever since I gave a bard of London a black eye, as I believe.

Cowling. We have escaped many dangers, Pollard: we have been fast by the heels, I think, no less than seven times.

Pollard. You talk like one who knows nothing about it. This is only the sixth time; and indeed the time when I least expected to be in such a place. I would not
be

be afraid of making my way through any stone wall in England; but this infamous watery wall is worse than all the rest.

Barrett. I would rather be again in York castle, where I was under sentence for the scamp, than here on board. Here are no back doors; and if I could even open one, like that in the ark, from whence Noah let fly the pidgeon, I should never be the better for it: I can swim no more than a stone.

Stubbs. And may I be again in coop at the Start, if I would not even dive in the pond behind the Tabernacle, than in the sea; else I do not believe the hole there is so fast corked, as to hinder us from getting out. Aye, there are but a few inches between us and liberty, if it was not for the cursed salt water.

Pollard. Never heed, lad. Nought is never in danger. He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned.

Barrett. That consideration should spur us on in the road to freedom. What shall we get up and make a fresh push, boys?

Cow-

Cowling. It is quite impossible to effect an escape from this ship. Perhaps hereafter we may meet an opportunity. You remember how we worked our way from Newcastle gaol?

Pollard. Very well; but there our friend Crispo lent us spring saws and an iron crow to cut off our fetters, and saw through the bars.—Curse on Newcastle! You would come to the fair, Cowling—I told you we should be nabbed!

Cowling. Well; but if we had done the grazier out of his hundred and odd pounds, you would not have grumbled.

Pollard. No; that is certain—me; we were very near the mark, lad. Only that eternal constable of Pilgrim-street—that methodical scoundrel knew my black full phiz, and so sent us both to this place, instead of the Castle Garth, because he got more money by so doing, with a plague upon his sanctity!

Barrett. How was that affair with the farmer?—Come, open your mind, man.

All

All are fast asleep, snoring their sorrow away ; and your story, Cowling, will serve to pass the time ; for I am sure I cannot sleep to night on these boards, which are as bad as those in bridewell.

Cowling. I can tell you no more than you know already, of our London tricks. Stubbs was with us, and *did* the farmer out of a *elout*. The rustic detecting him before he could get away, he was taken to the Tolbooth, after a severe diving, and so sent round this morning to keep us company.

Barrett. How could you indulge the most distant hope of *doing* the man, after he had been so served the same day ?

Cowling. Why, Pollard pointed him out as a very covetous old miser ; mightily fond of getting money, no matter how. So I left the fellow to *his* management ; and he is quite an adept in all the old stale manœuvres. Pollard can best tell the first part of the story.

Pollard. I saw the farmer trailing down the Bottle Bank. As he stopped at a corner, I threw

I threw down a small parcel in a paper, which he observed the moment he turned round, and picked it up. "You seem, farmer, to have luck," said I; "I must claim half the prize, let it be little or more." He fain would have slipped the parcel into his pocket, but I insisted upon seeing what it contained.

Barrett. The old fish took the bait well. I suppose you adjourned to an inn?

Pollard. He said he was going over to Gateshead, to meet a friend at the Nag's Head; but I told him, as it would be best to refer the matter to a stranger, we would go into the first inn we came to. He agreed, after some hesitation; but I obliged him to turn down to the close, on the right hand, at the north end of the bridge, and accompany me to the house, where I knew my friend Cowling was.

Stubbs. My eye, you had him then in the roasting-office. Had I been along with you, I would have strove hard for his tick.

Barrett. Silence. Let the gentleman go on with his story.

Pol-

Pollard. So backwards to the parlour we rushed. Said I, "Gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon; if you are upon very particular business, we would by no means interrupt you." "No, Sir," replied Mr. Cowling, "we have finished our business, and now are smoking our pipes to kill an idle hour." — You must know that the other gentleman in company was also *one of us*.

Stubbs. I know who it was: it was Tunbelly, the quack doctor, the East-India kidnapper — another Yorkshire bite.

Cowling. Well, now the parcel was given to me. I opened it, and found a sham diamond ring, and a receipt for two hundred and forty-nine pounds eleven shillings and nine-pence halfpenny; the money said to be the purchase of the ring.

Stubbs. That was too much, as I hope to be saved, to get away with half of it.

Cowling. Pollard then informed me, that the parcel, inestimable as it was, had been found by the farmer in his presence, and therefore had a claim to a moiety of what money

money the ring might produce.—“Certainly, Sir,” said I, “that is but fair; and, as there is enough for you both, it will not be worth while to fall out on the occasion.”

“We proposed,” said Pollard, “to leave the decision of the affair to the first decent person we should fall in company with; and it gives me the highest satisfaction to think we have met so sensible a person.” “So am I,” exclaimed the farmer; “and what ever the gentleman says, shall be to my satisfaction, if in reason, and agreeable to my own maxims of justice.”

Barrett. Hang me, my old chums, if your market was not completely made by that time. But go on.

Cowling. “Then, gentlemen,” said I, “with a due degree of seriousness, I humbly conceive, that the most just and honest way will be, to rest the matter till you see whether it will be advertised or not. and then share the reward offered.”—“That will not do!” cried the grazier.—“But, gentlemen,” said I, “if you offer the ring for sale to-night,

to-night, perhaps the jeweller will take it into his head to stop it!"

Barrett. That was coming round the posts, and getting near the point for the King's plate with a witness.

Pollard. I then asked the rustic what he intended to do? He said, he had a strong inclination to keep the ring himself. "Pay me half the money, and it is your's," said I. "What can you require more fair?" exclaimed Cowling. "I have got a fifty pound note," replied the farmer, "and that is all I can spare at present. If you like to take that, here it is." I snatched the bank note; but told the farmer he must give me his own note for the rest, to make up half the sum specified in the receipt. The fellow hesitated a long while: at last he offered to give me ten guineas more, and an handsome treat, if I would give him change for a twenty pound bank note. This Mr. Cowling instantly did, and we proposed to go to another of our houses to have the supper, as certain circumstances rendered that inn rather unsafe in my esteem,

esteem. We could do no less than invite the gentlemen, Mr. Cowling, and Mr. Tunbely, you know.

Stubbs. My eyes, I would have sheared off with the booty. It is good to sleep in a sound skin, Mr. Pollard, as the old saying is.

Pollard. Aye; but we are not always as wise as serpents, more than we are harmless like doves, as Solomon says, if I rightly remember.

Cowling. Come, Pollard; finish the story, and come to the cursed catastrophe!

Pollard. The last act of the play proved very tragical to us both. But never heed: it is better being here than in York Castle, double iron, or the pillory, into which the devil drove us, like hogs to a bad market.

Cowling. Do not bring a railing accusation against your father, Mr. Pollard. Parson S—l could have told you that the devil should have his due. We can blame nobody but ourselves! We tempted the devil to tempt us.

Pollard.

Pollard. I know nought about it. You may finish the story yourself, whilst I go, like Cain, to the land of Nod.

Cowling. Very well—But I hope Mr. Barrett will entertain us with one of his stories next. I am sure he has had many an adventure on the road.

Barrett. Yes, yes; that you may depend upon: I shall not be behind hand in acting my part of the play.

Stubbs. Make haste then, that I may tell mine, which will serve for the farce, after the play is over.

Cowling. The farmer having paid the whole reckoning, we all set out for an inn near the pig market, and there the farmer ordered a couple of fowls, a piece of bacon and some greens. Mean while, I proposed to dip into the history of the four kings. The farmer had no objection. We suffered him to win at first, but at length left him without a single guinea in his pocket.

Barrett. May I miss fire, if all the luck

was

was not on your side that evening—if it had but continued there.

Cowling. Had we sheered off then, we should have done well; but up came the fowls and bacon, and so we sat down to supper; and then up came a bowl of the righteous. We knew the farmer had no money left, and Pollard being unwilling to pay for the treat, beckoned my other friend to walk off first, which he did. I followed fast after, and had just slipped on the farmer's new great coat, which he had hung up, by my advice, at the stair's foot, when the landlord asked me if the reckoning was discharged?

Stubbs. That was d—d sharp work, Mr. Cowling; but I was served with the same sauce once in the Fleet-market, directly opposite my father's shop, and was sent to mill doll, for a month's warning to me, with a plague on Payne the constable.

Cowling. I told the landlord that the grazier and his friend, who had ordered supper, were still up stairs. As I was so saying, down came Pollard; and, having put on his
great

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great coat, was bidding the inn-keeper a good night, when one of the waiters stopped him at the bar. Pollard attempted to fight his way through, and I endeavoured to assist him, but the hostler gave him a terrible knock on the left temple and laid him flat on the floor.

Stubbs. After sweet meat, comes four sauce. What is got over the devil's back, will be spent under his belly ! I have been served by the city constables, for making bullocks run mad.

Cowling. Mean while, the farmer, who could not fail to hear the noise below, set up such a loud acclamation above, that the landlady, an handsome nimble young woman, ran up stairs and unlocked the door ; for Pollard had made him a close prisoner.—He came down.—We were all three pushed into the parlour, where there chanced to be Mr. Saveall, silversmith, and constable into the bargain. He well knew both Pollard and me, and told us, that we were his prisoners.

Barrett. Could you not gag the rascal ?

But

—But I need not say much; for he also hobbled me effectually.

Cowling. Oh! no: he was as invulnerable as the judge who passed sentence upon me at York. So finding the day was lost, I attempted to cast off the farmer's great coat; saying to him, I believe, in my hurry, I have taken your coat, farmer, for my own. The constable then enquired of the gulled grazier, "what he had been about in such infamous company?" "Nothing," replied the farmer, but settling a little affair about a ring, which I found this evening on the Bottle Bank." Here he produced it; which being inspected by the constable, was pronounced to be worth no more than about four or five shillings! The constable hurried us away to the Tolbooth, and we left the poor farmer dancing, in a state of almost absolute distraction. —The next morning, we were obliged to refund the whole of the money, to save ourselves from returning to our old quarters in Newcastle; and then a press gang being brought, we were delivered over to their care,

care, and so conducted, in company of Mr. Stubbs, the young butcher, to this place.

The sharpers having closed their dialogue, Barret, the highwayman, proceeded to fulfil his promise, by telling his tale as follows :

“ As I am almost certain, that there is no person within audience that can deter me from speaking the whole truth, I will, without reserve, point out a few striking incidents of my past adventures. *Barret sat down* ”

“ Early in life, being brought up in ease and affluence, I discovered a violent predilection for pleasure, and pursued its flowery paths, as I arose to riper years. My fond father and mother indulged me to excess, and, received so much pleasure from my odd tricks, that they would not suffer me to be much at school. My learning, therefore, was quite superficial, but my lusts and passions grew incapable of all restraint. I was brought up in the business of a linen-draper with my father, and seldom failed to rob him every opportunity.—He died—I soon ran through all he

Barret rose and looked round left

left me, and, getting greatly in debt, was obliged to abandon my native country.

“ I then entered into the business which *you* both profess, and was sometime successful in London, under the care of a captain, who chanced to make a mistake in the statute, and was hanged at Tyburn, without benefit of clergy. I then grew more violent and daring in my attempts; and when I could not get money by a fair tongue, I used my hands. A rich countryman at an inn, proving a match for the whole company, to end the business, I put out the candles, and fell to fighting, when I found an opportunity of *touching* the ruffic of seven fifty pound notes, and got off with my friends, without molestation.

“ My share of the booty lasted not long. I kept the highest company that the stews afforded, and enticed a pretty haberdasher in the city from her husband, to live with me. I soon understood that her father was a rich tradesman, who, having acquired a large fortune by fraud, durst not venture to trust his

bags of gold out of his sight, but kept the greater part of his wealth at home in his bed-chamber. My new mistress informed me, that the place was almost inaccessible, for the door was bolted and barred like the gates of a castle, and he was not without fire arms for defence in his apartment.

“ I communicated this to a person in the *cracken* order, whom I was intimate with, and he gave me the highest hope of instant success. He advised my temporary spouse to feign sickness, be sent to the country, and from thence send for her father and husband at the same time. This scheme succeeding beyond our most sanguine expectation, we got into an empty house adjoining to that of the tradesman; and, during his absence, cut a hole in the party wall, level with the floor of his chamber. Having gained admittance, the first object that struck our attention was, an iron chest, which appeared portable. That we called ours immediately, conveyed it through the aperture, and consigned it to the care of two stout young fellows; who, having

having been in all the gaols in the metropolis, feared nothing but dying suddenly on their road to Oxford. The door of the empty house faced a narrow lane, and we had a cart and horse ready to carry off our booty.

“ We opened a closet door, and six bags presented themselves to our ravished sight. We quickly hustled them into a sack which we had ready, and thought we heard somebody coming up stairs. We therefore secured the door by the inside bolts, which were strong enough to stand a siege of some hours, against all the instruments of *ken-cracking*. We soon found that the tradesman was returned ; heard him turning the key, and saw the springs within slide move, in vain, to accelerate his entrance. We hid our lantern, and precipitately withdrew from the chamber with the plunder. The cart being gone, we were obliged to carry the bag, by turns, to the house of my friend, the projector of the scheme. The money in the six bags amounted to no less than three thousand guineas, which

we divided equally between us, after having satisfied our assistants.

“ The opening of the chest now claimed considerable caution, as the noise might alarm the neighbourhood. Not one of my friend’s pick-lock keys could effect our purpose, and so we were obliged to have recourse to the file and sledge hammer. We at last got it open, but found its contents but small, at least in proportion to our wishes. About thirty twenty pound notes, five fifties, and one of a thousand, composed all that was valuable. The other papers were mere trash, lawyer’s rubbish, which had cost much, but would never fetch any thing but as waste paper.

“ The next morning all the runners of justice were out, in pursuit of the culprits. The tradesman had attempted to destroy himself, by putting a razor to his throat, but missed the jugular vein. His daughter was soon recovered from her indisposition, and left the country instantly. She was discovered at my lodging; and being suspected of privacy in
our

our plot, was threatened by her father, and confessed the whole before the chief magistrate. In consequence of her information, I was apprehended, and admitted king's evidence, on impeaching my friend, and the two assistants, who were all three executed; the tradesman recovering the greater part of his notes, but not a guinea of his gold in the bags; for that was shifted into other hands almost immediately after being procured.

“ London was now grown too warm a climate for my continuation.—I set off for Yorkshire, where I was bred and born, and lived privately on what little cash I had left; resolving, but alas! too faintly, to reform my life, and betake myself to some honest employment.

“ I wore a decent garb of green, edged with gold, and in almost every respect appeared like a neighbouring Squire, whom I observed every day riding past my little rustic mansion. I was struck with a thought which arose spontaneously in my mind; and that was, to commit a robbery on the road, and

leave the blame to fall upon the Squire.—I removed from my rural dwelling, and took a lodging in a town, at a considerable distance. Hearing that a collector of the excise was returning with much property, in money and notes, in his possession, I took the opportunity of making him stop and deliver.—My booty was very considerable, and I rode on with much swiftness; and, turning down a bye path, got clear off.

“ The collector gave the alarm; instant pursuit was made after the offender; and the squire being overtaken about half a mile from his own house, was seized by the pursuers, taken before a justice of peace, and positively sworn to:

“ Surprised, certainly, the magistrate was; but notwithstanding the good character of the gentleman, he was obliged to commit him to York castle. For although none of the notes or cash were found upon him, it was presumed that he must have had an accomplice, or hid them by the way. In vain therefore did he offer the best bail that could
be

be obtained. The collector was also a person of excellent character, of great probity and veracity, and could not be supposed to have the least malice against a gentleman whom he knew nothing of. On the trial, at the next assizes, the squire was convicted and received sentence of death; and I, at the same time, was in the like predicament, for an offence similar to that which had been so falsely charged on the innocent unfortunate squire.

“ The moment I received sentence, I fell down on my knees at the bar, and begged to be heard by the judge, on an affair which concerned the life of an innocent man. The court, without granting leave in form, suffered me to proceed, when I opened the whole business of the robbery, declaring that I alone was the person who committed it, and that the prosecutor had mistaken the gentleman for me. The court was instantly surprised, but said nothing whilst I staid. However, the squire was respited from time to time,

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and at length received his Majesty's free pardon.

"I need not inform you that I escaped from the castle of York by day light, with my irons on, and unobserved by any one of the keepers; for both you, Mr. Cowling, and Mr. Pollard, were there at the time. I resided afterwards in Scotland, and there practised all the mysteries of my several callings—of sharper, house-breaker, and highwayman; and having staid rather too long in that country, was making my way up to London, when I was kidnapped by your reforming constable, at Newcastle, and given up to the press-gang, who brought me yesterday to this place."

Stubbs, the infamous pickpocket next began his narration; but his tricks as he reported them, were too low and vulgar to be presented to the reader. He had been in all the gaols of London and Middlesex: was twice whipped at the cart's tail, and once transported for picking pockets. By his own confession, this fellow had obtained watches

watches innumerable, and snuff-boxes past all reckoning, from gentlemen on their going into the play-houses. He owned too that he had often attended charity sermons, when any popular preacher were employed; and whilst the ladies were learning the law of kindness from the lips of the orator, Stubbs was busy about their pockets. One fast day, he said, when Whitefield raised above five hundred pounds for the poor sufferers by fire at Boston, in New England, he did the genteel part of the congregation at the Tabernacle out of *clouts* and *ticks* (watches) to the amount of fifty guineas. He then proceeded to describe his manoeuvres at country fairs, and his connections with the infamous *fercies* (receivers,) until I was tired of his tale, and dropt into a soft slumber; in which I enjoyed one of the happiest dreams that can be imagined. I was in a kind of restored paradise, where every prospect appeared new and inviting; every rivulet glided on in harmony, where the birds on the boughs were pecking the golden

fruits, or charming by their strains of melody the happy inhabitants of these regions of purest pleasure.

Amidst these delightful scenes, where nature appeared to wanton in her prime, and a perpetual spring prevailed; I thought I beheld my fond parents, whom I fancied I knew, by intuition, and my Maria with them in the ambrosial bower. I was wrapt in extacy and sublime rapture at the sight, when I was awaked by the screams of my friend Herries, who exclaimed, "O heaven! is this the golden deanery of Durham, that my fond soul longed for?" He said he had been terribly affrighted in his vision by the appearance of every thing horrible. The farmer said, he had enjoyed an agreeable repose; but poor Kenneth declared that the hold was haunted by witches, ghosts, fairies, and all kinds of phantoms, by whom he had been ridden all the night long, as he once had been in Scotland, by Mary Lauder the forcerefs.

Not more various are the minds of men
awake,

awake, than perhaps in sleep. The mind too, may be agitated with greater terror in a dream, than at a period of reflection, when the soul can call in the aid of reason.—How easy is it in the great Supreme, to turn a prison into a palace, or a palace into a dreary dungeon. The want of liberty to the body may, by him, be amply made up by an enlargement of the mind. The humble forlorn traveller reclines his weary limbs on a strawy bed, or lies outstretched on the weeds beneath an hedge, through which the winds blow bleak. He dreams of purest pleasures, and is ushered into the company of kings, whilst the powerful prince, who, beneath the stately roof, is spread on a bed of ivory, and laid on a pillow of down, is affrighted with dismal dreams, and terrified with visions of the night, suffering all the horrors of a dungeon, and distress of slavery.

I have often been pleased with that little common salutation of *good night*, bestowed on a friend at parting. Indeed it is much more emphatical than is commonly imagined;
 since

since so much depends on the superintendency of the parent of good, and his agency over our minds, during the dreary hours of night. For my own part, I never yet retired to rest, with a full confidence in the support and protection of an all-wise Providence, but when I found my dreams delightful. As sleep occupies no inconsiderable portion of our time, perhaps, including infancy and old age, not much less than one half of it, it will be well for us if we cultivate a confirmed confidence in our great Creator, who has so great a power over our imagination, as to make it the vehicle of pleasure the most perfect, or pain the most intolerable.

I was communicating such ideas as these to my reverend friend, just awaked from his dream, on the oaken floor, when he immediately started up, and repeated the following lines, which caused the whole crew to arise, as the feigned lyre of Orpheus caused the herds, and flocks, and flocks, and stones, to dance on the infernal plain:

In

—————In the soul

Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief. Among these Fancy next
Her office holds: of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All that we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, where nature rest.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in *dreams*;
Ill matching words, and deeds, long past, or
late.

MILTON.

The morning advancing, day-light broke
into the hold through the hatches and the
grated port holes, and discovered a dismal
scene. Some of the captive sailors were
peeping from their swinging beds, with eager
eyes, at their native land, through these bar-
red apertures, and reviewing the haven to
which they hoped to have gone, after a long
absence; but were intercepted by the officers
of cruelty, these worse than cannibals, em-
ployed

ployed in the inhuman practice of pressing. Others arose from the planks, on which they had sat down, during the darksome hours, and, with tears, deplored the fate of their forlorn families. I, among the rest, indulged a look at land, and felt an emotion which I had never known till then. Our companion, the farmer, saw my distress, but felt much more for his own, as he had left an amiable, virtuous wife at home, and several tender children. All the impressed men, as they arose from their boarded beds, or descended from the suspended hammocks, gave evident signs of woe; and even the sons of injustice and rapine, whose dialogue of desperate adventures I have already recorded, and whose interest forbade them to wish a deliverance from that captivity, appeared pensive and melancholy, until the ale was poured through the bars from the deck, into the common reservoir, at our mutual charge; when they drowned their sadness with an overflowing cup, and resumed their seeming joy and wonted mirth.

Mr.

Mr. Herries advised his cousin to send for his friends as soon as he could, for there was no time to be lost, as the report was current, that our regulation would take place before noon. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to a person in Sunderland, and gave it to a man above deck, who was going on shore, having come on board for the purpose to be the messenger of the impressed men.

Mean while I had an opportunity of surveying the hold and its motley inmates. I observed that the thieves kept close together, and was taught by a by-stander to distinguish them by name. Pollard appeared a stout thick man, about five-and-forty, possessing an innocent clownish look, bent downwards to the ground, when any person looked at him. He was the only man of the gang whose accent was provincial, though two more of them were Yorkshire men. When I say the gang, I mean to include those who associated with the four fellows whom I had overheard in the night. Cowling was a little genteel young man; had been bred a muff-maker, and

and had kept a shop in London, where he learned to leave off his rustic dialect, by his frequent intercourse with the ladies, whom he also furnished with caps, and other head ornaments. Barrett was a man of a savage look, black complexioned, well made, and of a genteel deportment in conversation. But Stubbs, the modern filch, had the tree of Tyburn portraird on his visage. He could not walk along the hold without eyeing the pockets of the impressed men, and his whole gait was directed as if he had still been in the height of his profession. He discovered that morning a violent disposition to keep his hand in employ. He found means to pick the pocket of a sailor, and took from him ten guineas and some silver, which he was conveying to an accomplice, when my friend, the farmer, who had observed his motions, seized him by the collar, and obliged him, notwithstanding the sudden assistance of the gang, to return the money to the poor fellow.

This raised the sudden resentment of Pol-
lard

lard and Cowling, who both fell upon the farmer ; but he was an excellent match for them, and dealt in his defence, such desperate blows, that both his infamous antagonists were obliged to yield, after having been well beaten, and almost blinded into the bargain.

This awed the whole tribe, and saved our company from their asperity, during the time we waited to be called upon deck. But several of the rest were much maltreated by these insolent unfeeling fellows.

None were suffered to approach the prisoners in irons, who, in the morning, appeared much disconcerted, and their woeful faces testified the inward horror of their hearts. They were the first called up, and put into a place of closer confinement. Stubbs was caught at his dirty work again, during their removal, and met a proper flagellation from a sailor by the consent of the whole crew, his infamous companions only excepted, who were the first called upon to ascend to the cabin, where the regulating board had begun their examination.

Mr.

Mr. Wilson, the farmer, whose name I have not mentioned before, was next sent for, as his friend was come on board to speak in his favor; and whilst he was before the officers, Mr. Herries and myself were ordered to leave the hold, to be in readiness. We soon knew that the farmer was discharged, being not only a house-renter, but a freeholder in the bishoprick. Mr. Herries solicited him to stay on board to speak for us to the captain, but he was hurried down from the vessel into a boat, and rowed to shore with the utmost dispatch.

The four desperadoes, whose exploits I have related, as taken from their own mouths, were all disapproved of by the board; not because they were lame or unable to serve his Majesty at sea, but because they were deemed too bad to be in the company of sailors, and sufficient to infect a whole crew with a worse distemper than leprosy or pestilence. They were all hand-bolted, and put into a boat, in order to be returned to the magistrates of Newcastle, to be dealt with

with as the law of the land required in such cases, where lenity to a few offenders would be cruelty to the community.

We stood in the utmost suspense, whilst a great number of the impressed men were brought up and examined by the surgeon, whom we had seen at Sunderland; and being approved as sound men, passed by the board, and filed into a tender that lay along side the hulk for the reception of seamen.

The rioters were also taken into the cabin before us; and they being all able sailors, were soon passed, but cast on board the other ship as prisoners subject to punishment, and ordered still to be closely confined in irons, till they should arrive at Spithead, where the ships of war were preparing to sail against the Spaniards.

Some of the sailors shewed their protections, which met only the supercilious smile of the fresh-water captain, and the insolence of a fellow just slipped into an office, to which he was quite inadequate. Some had been dragged away from the homeward-bound

bound ships, without having time to secure their property, or bring even their chests along with them; and now were about returning from the distant view of their native country, without participating those pleasures which they fondly anticipated, on their voyage from a country the most remote. They were all indiscriminately approved by the superficial board, and precipitate surgeon, whose characters will best appear in the examination of Mr. Herries and myself, which I have thrown into a dramatic form, partly to avoid egotism, but principally to give a pleasing variety to the reader.

The persons in our marine farce are as follows: and although their names are fictitious, yet the characters are as real, as those of any personages recorded on the page of the historian.

Captain Leesmore. Whom do you call next, Mr. Saygrace?

Saygrace. Call in John Herries, and his clerical-looking companion, Lamuel Lyttleton.

Boatswain.

Boatswain. Here they are, Sir.

Captain. Lamuel Lyttleton, stand forward, Sir.—Come nearer! nearer yet.—What the devil are you afraid of?—How long have you been at sea, Sir.—I will not call you a sailor.—Speak.

Lyttleton. I never was at sea before last night in my life, Sir, except crossing over the Frith of Forth, from Leith to Kinghorn.

Forecastle. That is a d—d lie, asking your pardon, Sir; for I have seen you on board the Blenheim at Spithead. Eh! Parson Saygrace, have you not seen him there? I mean in the glorious year 1759.

Saygrace. The young gentleman was very young then, Sir. But he might be the cabin-boy. I believe he was, too.

Lyttleton. You may as well say, Sir, that the Island of Great Britain appeared floating to your sight on the south side of the equinoctial line.

Captain. Who, and what are you? what are your parents?

Lyttleton.

Lyttleton. I am a student of the university of St. Andrew's, in Scotland, under the patronage of two noble personages; one of whom proved my kind deliverer from approaching death, on the day when I was forsaken by my parents, whom I was returning in quest of to my native land, when I fell by accident into the hands of the press-gang, with two other persons.

Cole. What countryman are you? I think I have seen you in America.

Lyttleton. Would to Heaven I was actually there, in the province where I am informed my father resides.

Cole. What province, Sir?

Lyttleton. In South-Carolina, where he has a living, and where he is highly revered and respected by the people under his charge.

Captain. What then your father is a clergyman too, is he?

Cole. Yes, Sir. I have smoked many a pipe with him in London, and drank many a bottle of Madeira in his company at Charlestown. He is a hearty cock still, and swears that

that he would give a pipe of his best wine for a butt of Calvert's entire, which he was so mightily fond of at the King's Arms, High Holborn, when he was curate of St. Clement's, and read prayers, buried the dead, baptized, preached, and so forth—for no more than four-pence per time upon an average.—You say you are come in quest of your father, Sir!—as I hope for a fair wind and fine weather, you are come to the right place for information, and could not have gone a nearer way to see my worthy friend and bottle-companion, your honored and reverend father!

Saygrace. You may come to great preferment by going to sea, Sir: and from being chaplain to a man of war, you may rise to be Archbishop of Canterbury, if you behave well, and have good friends at the helm.

Lyttleton. Sir, I most readily stand aside, and give you the preference; for I aspire to no such supreme honor.

Forecastle. What, Sir, give Mr. Saygrace the preference!—He is only a Welch parson, and would be no more fit for the see of Canterbury,

retbury, with the learning he has scraped together, than I should be to sail in the south sea, without rudder and compass. He is only calculated to play a game at cards in the cabin, with the captain, in a fair gale, or make grog for his ship-mates, in the time of a storm.

Cole. I know the parson understands the ancient British language at least; for I was brought up with him at school, in Wales.

Captain. The parson is out of the question.—We are now examining *this here* young fellow.—Do you understand navigation?

Lyttleton. A little, theoretically, but not practically.

Captain. What does he mean, Saygrace?

Saygrace. He says he understands the business upon deck, but cannot mount aloft.

Captain. Let me here you box the compass.

Lyttleton. I cannot, Sir, readily.

Captain. Can you, Sir?—[To Herries.]

Herries

Herries.

Di quibus imperium est animarum, umbraque
filentes,

Est chaos, & phlegethon, loco nocte silentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! fit numine vestro
Pondere res alte terra & caliginæ morfus*.

Captain. Is that boxing the compass in
Hebrew, Greek, Latin, High Dutch, or
Arabic, Parson?

Saygrace. I positively think it was not in
Welch, Sir.

Captain. Have you not wit enough to
speak plain English, young fellow, as well as
Greek and Latin.

Herries.

We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;

* Ye realms yet unreveal'd to human sight;
Ye Gods who rule the regions of the night;
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Unless on holy days, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak GREEK
 As naturally as pigs squeak:
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle†.

Captain. Are you a poet, Sir?—We want a fellow that can compose a good song on board.—What are you, Herries?

Herries. I am a student in theology, a lover of the belles lettres, a graduate at college, a candidate for the church, a lover of elocution, and a preacher, pursuing the way to the temple of Fame.

Saygrace. The fellow has the face of a fanatic, but the tongue of an angel!

Captain. His language may be d—d clever, and heavenly; but it is past my comprehension, as I hope to be saved.

Forecastle. Aye, young gentleman, let me tell you both, that the way to the temple, which Herries speaks of, is across the ocean; or to come up with the Spanish galloons, as

† Hudibras, part I. Canto I.

they are coming into port. Oh! it is a glorious fight to see the chests crammed full of hard dollars, and every man sharing his prize-money over his cann of grog.—Eh! what say you, Herries?

Herries.

Just so do Britain's kings behold
 Their num'rous myriads on the main,
 Their undulating sails unfold,
 And gather all the wind's ærial reign:
 Myriads they see prepar'd to brave
 The loudest storm, the wildest wave;
 To hurl confusion on their foes,
 To guard and not disturb the world's repose:
 Myriads they see their country's dear delight—
 Their country's dear defence, and glory in the fight.

Captain. Come, Parson Saygrace, you must go on shore; for I am resolved to make these two gentlemen chaplains to our ships.

Forecastle. Have either of you any bodily infirmity about you?—Are your hammocks tight against wind and weather? Are your bowsprits and top masts in good case? Are your bottoms sound and well caulked?—Here

52 THE KENTISH CURATE

Fracture, take these fellows abaft the binna-
cle, and fee that their hulks are as well as their
rigging. Mean while, call up the next.

Kenneth Cockburn?

Boatswain. He is here already, Sir.

Fracture. Well, my lads, you fee it is my
place to examine you. You muft strip to
the buff, both of you, gentlemen.

Herries. God never made his work for
man to mend*! I have no bodily complaint.
All my pain is within.

Yes, I have that within that paffeth fhow;

These are the trappings, and the figns of woet†!

Lyttleton. Whoever my parents were, I
am derived from a found flock. My whole
frame, uncontaminated by defcent, and free
from acquired maladies, is found and athletic.
My pulfe beats high to health, and the crim-
fon tide flows, in a full rapidity of joy,
through every vein. This hilarity, which
pervades my animal fpirits, I owe to the
guardian guidance of a fupreme providence,

* Dryden.

† Shakespear's Hamlet.

which has taught my feet to tread the paths of wisdom, whose ways are pleasantness, and out of which there can be no real happiness. It would, therefore, but ill become me, thus guided and supported by an unseen, but unerring hand, to complain of evils which I never knew; or feign any indisposition of my body, whilst it accords with the mind in the enjoyment of every pleasure, and bears it up under every difficulty.

Fracture. Have you no sores in your limbs and bodies, my lads? Are you free from ulcers, tumours, wounds, bruises putrefactions, fractures, simple and compound? Do you come under the denomination of the person alluded to in Deuteronomy, the twenty-sixth chapter, or thereabouts? Is your vision clear, simple, true, strong, piercing? Are the drums of your ears susceptible of sound, to attend the first call, and not dull, to need a repetition of words, and the touches of the cane, to quicken your sensibility.—

Lyttleton. I understand you, Sir. One word to the wife is sufficient.

Fracture. You must know, gentlemen, that I have, by virtue of my office on board, a full power to kill, cure, wound, heal, and so forth, according to certain circumstances.

Herries. What must I give you, Sir, for a lame leg, a broken arm, and a pestilential asthma?

Fracture. For ten pieces, I will make you both fit for an hospital?

Both. Here is the money. Now keep your word, Sir.

Fracture. An addition of a fracture in your skulls, and a consumption in your livers, will cost five more, gentlemen.

Herries. Here they are, Sir. What is the trash of Mexico or Ophir, compared to liberty?

Enter Kenneth Cockburn.

Fracture. Here is a fellow, who, I am sure, I must report as fit for the sea service.

Lyttleton. What do you require to incapacitate this man, Sir.

Herries.

Herries. I could wish to have my countryman, Kenneth, the king of Scotland, along with us on shore.

Fracture. If you speak properly, he may go.

Herries. What shall I say—five more?—Kill him!

Fracture. It is done.—How the devil came you on board this hulk, my lad? Had the lieutenant and his gang no eyes to be blasted?

Kenneth. I was not pressed on land. I was just returned from the East-Indies.

Fracture. The bane of all brave Britons. You are come home alive, my lad, and that is all.

Kenneth. I thought myself pretty well, Sir, before I was impressed; but from that moment the witches of the rocks have ridden me to death.

Fracture. Have you no sores about your body.

Kenneth. No, Sir.

Fracture. That is a d—d lie, Sir. I

know you have been in the wars. I hope you will allow me to know best, Sir? Why, your right leg is dislocated. The sinews of your left arm are contracted. You have an inflammation in your bowels, and your liver is lost, and left in the Bay of Biscay, or some d—d place like it. Besides, your scull is as thick as a four-inch oak plank, and as impenetrable as the rock!

Herries. I have read of a sage who sat bald-headed under an hedge; when an eagle, which had stolen an oyster from the sea, saw him, and supposing his pate had been the corner of a craig, let fall his prey to open the shell.—The philosopher's scull was split in two; but had that of Kenneth been in its place, it would have proved invulnerable to the blow!

Fracture. So it would. The fellow has not common sense, Sir. You are within an inch of death's door and the grave!—Come, my lads, return to the cabin.—Walk lame—look sickly, whilst I make my report.

Here the centinel ushered us back to the board

Board. Mr. Fracture told the officers, "that, upon an accurate, and close inspection of the two students, he had discovered them quite unfit for sea, and totally unable to perform duty on board. For, not to lay too great a stress on their lameness," said he, "they are both subject to a complication of disorders, which will soon save the Spaniards the trouble of blowing out their brains; and as for this fellow, Kenneth, he has no brains to lose, and is otherwise so bruised, maimed, and putrified from top to toe, that he cannot live long, if he continues on board."

"Very well," cried the captain, "one scabby sheep spoils the whole flock; you know, Mr. Fracture. Do not let us be troubled any more with such people." Mr. Fracture gave a shrug with his shoulders, and seemed by his looks to intimate, that he cared not how many such as us came on board.

"I am sorry too, that we should so suddenly lose our two chaplains," said the captain, looking upon Herries and me with a con-

temptuous air, "but I believe they would have been so perpetually plaguing the crew with Greek, Latin, Syriac, and spouting plays, that we are better off to be rid of their company. Take them on shore immediately, and let them go and preach upon dry land, and be d—d. We withdrew from the cabin, attended by the surgeon, who whispered to Herries, "I believe you will remember me, gentlemen." To which the orator replied, in the language of Shakespear.

"Remember thee! I'll think of thee poor ghost
While mem'ry holds her seat in this distracted
globe.

Far from the tablet of my memory
Be wip'd away all former fond records,
All registers of books, all forms and pressures
past,

Which youth and observation copied there;
But this *thy kindness* all alone shall live,
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser stuff."——

B O O K VI.

THE moment we gained the shore, we found the farmer with his friend anxiously waiting the result of our examination before the board. He discovered every sign of extacy on seeing us safe, and accompanied us to the house where we had left our horses the night preceding. Having satisfied the farmer, Mr. Wilson's friend took up Kenneth behind him, and so we all rode speedily forward to Witton Gilbert. Mrs. Wilson being pregnant, I advised that no mention, for the present, should be made of our distressful captivity; so we only excused ourselves for being out the whole night on account of the extreme darkness.

Mr.

Mr. Wilson being well acquainted with the utmost extent of my finances, generously offered his assistance, which I humbly and most thankfully accepted. He lent me twenty guineas, and told me I might take my own time for the payment. We communicated our recent nautical adventure, at the public house, to a sensible gentleman, a justice of peace, who laughed at our being wounded, where there was no war, at the fiat of the presuming surgeon, whose place, if he pursued the same plan, would be the best on board the guard-ship.

In a short time after, we received a line from the master of the collier, in whose vessel we had agreed to sail for London, informing us, that on account of the present pressing, he could not procure hands to work his ship, and intimated that it would be a full fortnight before he could sail. This determined us to stay no longer, but set out immediately by land. Accordingly we hired fresh horses; and equipping Kenneth in a decent garb, hired him as a servant to attend us,

We

We passed through Durham, without halting, as we had already surveyed it. Mr. Herries happening to tell the story of the cow to Kenneth upon the road, the fellow observed, that it was a well-concerted scheme of the priest's; for the poor beast had made the bishoprick, ever since, flow with milk, and turned out to better account than the goose which laid the golden eggs. "Aye, aye," cried Kenneth, "I wish Mr. Lytton, that you had a calf of that cow in your Kentish curacy; though I believe she was of the breed of the golden calf, which Aaron made in the wilderness." "True, Kenneth," replied Mr. Herries; "but it was begotten by one of the Pope's bulls." "So it was," retorted his humble countryman; "but it was bred in the absence of light and knowledge, as that of Israel was in the absence of Moses."

We dined at Darlington, a neat little town on the extremity of the bishoprick, and were well accommodated with excellent viands, at a reasonable rate. The company at the inn,
after

after dinner, was very engaging; but although we were favoured with the presence of a parson, and a justice of peace, yet we dreaded the darkness of the approaching evening, and so shortening our stay, proceeded to Northalton, which we reached a little after sunset.

We were now in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where the manners and language of the people differ considerably from those of the more northern counties. It is remarkable, that the bur of Northumberland is confined to one county, and that the instant a traveller leaves Newcastle and Gateshead behind, he hears the inhabitants of the towns and villages on the south, speak less through their throats, and make more use of their lips and palate in articulation. Yet so far I found my countrymen, the English, but a mongrel kind of Caledonians; and, in point of politeness and improvement, a whole century behind the people of some places in the country that I have since seen.

Our supper at the inn, however, was served

up

up with an agreeable neatness and desirable decency. The victuals were good, and dressed remarkably well. We supped in company with two gentlemen just come from London, who assured us, that in all likelihood the war with Spain would almost immediately commence; for in consequence of impress warrants having been issued out from the Admiralty office, to all the sea-ports in the kingdom, the ships would be soon completely manned, and the fleet fit to sail against the enemy.

One of the gentlemen observed, that we had been for above seven years brawling and fighting among ourselves, and now the enemy was about taking the advantage of our divisions. He then entertained us with a detail of the history of England, during the reign of his present Majesty, from the first days of Wilkes and Liberty, to the present time. The gentleman had made himself master of the subject, and threw out sensible remarks on the conduct both of the crown and the commons, in repealing the stamp act in America,

rica, which, in all human probability, would prove the ruin of this kingdom by the loss of the colonies, now ripe for independency.

“The new world,” said the other traveller, “will soon become the glory of all nations, as it is found a happy asylum for the oppressed, and a land the most inviting to the lovers of liberty. He said that he had gone over all the provinces of North America, and found the whole face of the country far superior to that of any other on the great globe, that had fallen under his observation. When the Almighty,” continued the traveller, “created the earth, he bestowed a bolder stroke on the last discovered quarter. Its lakes are abundantly more extensive, some being above three hundred miles round, and its rivers far surpassing any in all the other three divisions. The mountains of America are loftier, and the forests much more capacious, than any in Europe, Africa, or Asia. Every thing appears to have been formed upon a larger scale; and, as being the last, the biggest blessing bestowed upon man, to incline

cline his heart to obey and keep the first and great commandment, *Be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth.*"

Mr. Herries appeared quite attentive, and consenting to what the gentleman advanced on the subject of America, gave his description a poetical dress, which was as follows :

" Prove this the land for liberty ordain'd,
A soft asylum by the good obtain'd ;
The last great continent by men explor'd,
Eden reviv'd, a Paradise restor'd.
Vast are its lakes, its rivers widely roll,
Its land is meted out from pole to pole :
Its hills sublime ascend to kiss the skies,
From whence its springs and falls of rivers rise.
Fair are its forests waving to the gales,
Fertile its fields, where plenty never fails.
Health, industry, and sweet contentment reign
On all its mountains, and each peopled plain :
Heav'n to its sons shall ceaseless blessing yield,
Whilst inbred Liberty remains their shield.
Commerce and trade shall round its borders flow,
Whilst virtuous ardors in their bosoms glow.
Prove this the best as last of blessings given,
The land ordain'd to Liberty by Heaven :
May freedom's sons prevail from shore to shore,
Until the sun shall rise to set no more."

My

My companion in travel procured no small applause from the strangers by the extempore production, as the lines were delivered with an air of simplicity and solemnity blended together. Indeed his improving elocution was sufficient to set off sentiments the most indifferent, as he happily felt what he said. Their united approbation caused him to open his mind, and speak freely of his design in reading a course of lectures at London.—“Why not by the way to the metropolis?” cried one of the gentlemen. “The city of York is pretty populous, and generally has a considerable number of fine geniuses dependent on the church.” “I will give you my letter of recommendation to the dean,” exclaimed the other gentleman.

I could see the quickened eyes of my friend glow with gladness at the declaration, and he soon expressed a desire that the travellers would return with us as far as York, to give him the sanction of their presence. This they declined, as they were both on a journey to Newcastle, on very momentous business;

business; but one of them wrote a letter agreeable to his promise, which Mr. Herries accepted with gratitude.

We set out early next morning; and leaving the post road, passed through Thirsk, and reached York about one o'clock, and put up at the most reputable inn that we could find, where we met with excellent entertainment. Yorkshire, on the whole, appeared to be a plentiful county, producing every necessary, and even luxury of life. The beef and mutton is good; the latter is larger, though not so delicious as that of Scotland. The fowls are large and fine, and the stubble geese at this time of the year, in the highest perfection. The bread, which is baked in large loaves, is a kind of mixture, but very substantial and wholesome. The people of these parts delight in puddings, and their ale is equal, if not superior, to that of Newcastle.

We took a slight survey of the cathedral after dinner, accompanied by Kenneth, who said it was larger and more beautiful than Westminster-abbey, which he had seen. The
architecture

architecture is Gothic in its greatest perfection. The building has a middle elevated tower, finely ornamented. The inside is truly grand and sublime, as the pillars along the aisles rise to a prodigious height, and support the arched roof, which is curiously ornamented.

The cathedral service was performed during our stay in the Minster, when we were ushered into a pew by a vergers, and furnished with books for the anthem. As we withdrew from the choir, Mr. Herries made a very obedient bow to the dean, but had not an opportunity of delivering the letter of the gentleman; he therefore sent it into the chapter-house by one of the vergers, giving him half a crown to wait for an answer.

“Do you know, Sir,” said Kenneth to me, “how to secure the curse of the church most effectually?” “No,” said I; “but I would rather procure its blessing.” “Weel, Sir, mind me,” quoth Kenneth, recalling his mother tongue, and putting on an air of seriousness, “come to this muckle minster on a sab-

a sabbath day, or gang to Saint Paul's or Westminster-abbey, when the kirk is crouded—take half a crown from your pouch—haud it between your finger and thumb—beckon the braw lad with the silver wand—let him tent the money—he will soon find his way to you through thick and thin—come up to your quarter deck, and give you a salute.”

“ Well, what of all that, Sir ?” said Mr. Herries. “ Only hear me out, Sir,” replied Kenneth. “ He will instantly commence your faithful pilot, and steer you round the rocks to the haven, where you would be. I mean the pew. When you gang in, put your half crown again in your pocket, and I will be flogged at the main mast, if he does not d—n and curse you in his heart all the time of singing, for preventing simony.”

On the return of the verger, Mr. Herries was informed, the dean had declared that he knew nothing of the person who had wrote the recommendatory letter ; and also sent word to the gentleman so recommended, advising him to make application to the Lord Mayor,

Mayor to obtain *his* permission to read the intended lecture in one of the public halls.

“What!” exclaimed Mr. Herries, “cannot I be permitted to speak to the Dean, Sir?”
 “No,” replied the verger, “that is quite impossible! Do you consider his dignity, Sir?”—“I am sure,” retorted Herries, “if the author of *Tristram Shandy* was living, and sitting in this cathedral, he would deign me an audience. He had not a single grain of ecclesiastical pride. He had not a little pope in *his* belly, growing up with his growth, and strengthing with his strength! He was a man of sympathy, and felt for others as for himself! Alas, poor Yorick!”

We left the Minster rather abruptly, and returned to our inn, to consider farther of the matter. I suggested to my friend, that either the gentleman who wrote to the dean was an impostor, or that the verger had not delivered the letter. Herries sent a line, by Kenneth, to the Lord Mayor, the same evening, who returned the following answer:

“I never had any proposal made that I
 “better

“better approved; for our language in this
 “city being provincial, we require an able
 “teacher to improve our pronunciation. I
 “discover, however, by the accent and tale
 “of your messenger, that you are a North
 “Briton; but that so far from being an ob-
 “jection, proves the most powerful argu-
 “ment in your favor. We of this city are
 “placed in the middle way, between the bor-
 “ders and the metropolis; and we may as
 “well be taught to speak by one from the
 “North, as from the South. The Caledo-
 “nians at present bid fair to reach the zenith
 “of power, and the summit of literature in
 “England, as well as to bear the chief rule
 “both in church and state. The metropo-
 “litan of this province is of your country;
 “the Chief Justice of England is so also; and
 “it is well known that the principal actor
 “on the political stage, whose secret influ-
 “ence resembles the load-stone, is also of
 “the brave Scots, a chieftain; and from him
 “kings arose, and not he from kings. In
 “short, Sir, the remarkable prophetic in-
 “scription

“ scription on the marble chair, which Ed-
 “ ward the first carried from Scoon, on which
 “ all your ancient kings were crowned---

Except old augurs fail, and wizards wits be vain,
 Where this stone's found—*Scotchmen* shall surely
 reign,——

“ was never completely fulfilled before the
 “ present period. It would therefore, and
 “ for other reasons, be the highest presump-
 “ tion in me, or any other magistrate in the
 “ kingdom, to mar your progress, Sir, to the
 “ land of milk and honey ; lest, if found so
 “ offending, I, or another in the like predica-
 “ ment, should, like Amalek, be blotted from
 “ the book of life, for counteracting the great
 “ design of Heaven. The city hall, there-
 “ fore is, Sir, at your service, and the good
 “ of the land being all before you, go on and
 “ possess it.”——

Mr. Herries paid but little regard to the
 ironical part of the Lord Mayor's epistle,
 but caused hand-bills to be printed, and im-
 mediately dispersed over the town and adja-
 cent

cent villages, to announce to the public that he would read an introductory lecture on elocution, to begin precisely at six the following evening, in the city hall. Single tickets from one shilling to half a crown, or half a guinea for the whole course, consisting of six orations.

I shall not tire the reader with a description of this proposed plan, as the main drift of Herries's design may easily be discovered in his elements of elocution, since published.—

The proposed evening's entertainment filled the minds of many people with high expectation of something supremely great and sublime ; as examples were promised to be given from the best English poets, as Milton, Dryden, Pope, Shenstone, Thomson, &c. with a lecture on the passions, and a dissertation on the beauties of the bible.

The hall, the first evening, was uncommonly crowded, and the company were as brilliant as numerous. The orator gave general satisfaction, and far exceeded what I expected. He retained but little of the nor-

them acceptⁿ in his delivery, except when he was warm, and then he commanded the passions of the people so much, that they could see no imperfection in his eloquence.

We staid above a week in this city before the course of lectures was closed; during which, I assisted the orator, in point of composition, as Kenneth did in receiving the money at the door. On the whole, my friend cleared above an hundred guineas by his lecture, and most generously obliged me to receive a moiety of the money, as a token of friendship. This enabled me directly to remit what cash Mr. Wilson of Witton Gilbert had lent me, when I informed him, by letter, of the good success of his cousin, in a city remote from the capital, and whose trade had long been upon the decline.

Mr. Herries, as soon as his business in the city hall was concluded, wrote an epistle to the Lord Mayor, in which he used the same figures of speech which his Lordship had happily done to him. But we left not the place until he had given an extraordinary lecture for

for the benefit of a public charitable institution, which raised full fifty pounds.

During our stay at York, I chanced to cast my eye upon a weekly journal, published at Newcastle; in which I read the escape of Pollard, Barrett, Cowling, and Stubbs, from the gaol in that town, to which they had been committed for trial on their rejection on board the vessel at Sunderland. A reward of twenty pounds was offered by the keeper, for the apprehending of each or either of these infamous fellows; and it was presumed that they had bent their way towards London, through Yorkshire, of which county three of them were natives.—I ardently prayed Heaven that they might not come in our way, and that we might have no opportunity of molesting them, or they us; especially as we had not the strong brave farmer on our side, whose handsome drubbing they were not soon likely to forget.

Having left our fortunate city, we passed through a place called Sherborn, and got into the post road at Ferrybridge, just an hundred

and seventy-five miles from London. Here we dined at a good inn, and then rode on briskly, in order to reach Doncaster before dark; but a sudden and tremendous storm of wind and rain coming on, we were obliged to seek an asylum in a small village, a little way off the main road.

Having consigned the horses to the care of the hostler and Kenneth, we ran precipitately into the house, and were immediately ushered into the parlour, where was a good fire. We bespoke supper of the landlord, whose looks I did not much like from the moment I beheld him, as he much resembled one of the fellows in office on board the hulk at Sunderland, and wore a down-looking frowning countenance. He promised that we should have as good as the house afforded, and informed us that he had as nice fowls, bacon and greens, as any in Yorkshire. "That will do," said I "landlord; let us have a couple of your fine fowls boiled, with a bit of bacon, and so forth." "I believe, master," replied our host, with a hollow voice,

voice, I may as well fling five or six into the pot, with a large piece of bacon ; for I fancy we shall have more of the Almighty's customers come before they are ready."

" I hope, landlord," said I, " you will not admit improper people into our company ; for we would rather make any reasonable allowance in your favor, provided we may be allowed to sit by ourselves, or with people of decency."

" I know not what you would be about," replied the host, with a deformed brow, and an imperious tone. " In the times of tempest, pestilence, hurricane, or civil disturbances, people are glad to shelter themselves any where.—I remember the great flood at Bawtry, about forty years ago, when all the land about the place, but a certain high hill, was entirely laid under water by a sudden fall of rain. Then were all sorts of creatures glad to take shelter on the hill. Dogs and cats—men and wives—lads and lasses—hounds and hares—fox and geese—lambs and *wolves*—cats, rats and mice—and, in short,

the greatest enemies grew intimate friends; each individual being intent on its own safety, without the least notion of annoying one another.—Why should it not be so now?”

I answered, “that we were so far from being inimical to any person in distress, that we wished every body as well as ourselves; and added, if you find it necessary to introduce more company, we only wished to sit with such as were a little decent in their behaviour.”

He withdrew, muttering something about presbyterian-looking fellows, but was interrupted by the coming of Kenneth with our cloak-bags, who told us that he had taken care of our steeds: that the tempest was waxing louder: that the rain poured down, as if heaven and earth were going to have a passage by water between them. He also informed us, that four strangers had just alighted at the door, the moment he came in. I enquired what kind of travellers they looked like? He said, he could not see them in the dark, but could

could hear, by their tongues, that they were Yorkshire men.

He had scarcely so said, when the landlord, bursting open the door in a hurry, thus exclaimed :

“ Here, gentlemen, you may *see* with your *ears*, and *hear* with your *eyes*, that I have obeyed you, in bringing in good company.—Here they are, my four good old friends ; company cast in by strefs of weather, like yourselves, and all willing to be fociable, and *inimically* inclined, gentlemen. Sit ye down my good lads, dry yourselves at the fire, and I will get you as good a supper as King George can sit down to, in a very little time, gentlemen. Come, what do you like to drink, my lads ? I will bring in a tankard of sound stingo first. I know you like it, gentlemen, and shall have it.”

I quickly discovered that our new-come visitants were none else but the four fellows of ill fame, whom I had heard and seen on board the hulk, and who were described in

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the public papers. My flesh froze: my blood stagnated, and the hairs of my head stood up on end with affright! Mr. Herries seemed less affected, and got up to make room for Barrett. The other three sat down without much ceremony, and I soon perceived that they knew nothing of us, as they could have had but little opportunity of viewing us in the dark hold on board, whilst they had made themselves quite remarkable by their words and actions, and received what they still retained, the marks of the farmer's fist on their faces. *just*

Pollard had a handkerchief tied over his infamous visage; Cowling wore a black ribbon over one of his eyes; and Stubbs, who had much mended his dress, had his eyes prodigiously swelled, and two or three of his fore teeth knocked out. Barrett appeared the most like a gentleman of the four; but I was too well apprised of all their characters to be off my guard the whole evening. But Mr. Herries, with all his ingenuity, was too dull to discover what they were; and it was impossible

impossible for me, so situated, to inform him that we were in the company of thieves. He familiarly entered into conversation with Barrett, whilst I sat silent at his elbow, too much overawed to break my taciturnity by unfolding the cause of it to my friend.

I now recollected, what I had often been told, the extreme peril people were in, when found with such fellows by the officers of justice. That consideration operated so much on my mind, that I could not sit still, but arose and walked about the room as one almost distracted.

Supper was soon set on the table. Mr. Herries said grace, and the four fellows fell upon the fowls, and mangled them to pieces in a few minutes. It was well their appetites were keen, for that caused them to disregard me, and little cared, whether I helped myself or not. Herries too was wrapt up on the occasion in solemn thought, and never said a word to me all the time he was at supper, but rather chose to enjoy his new company. I supposed that he considered them as coun-

try gentlemen, or wealthy neighbouring farmers, overtaken by the impetuous blast, as we both had been, and who, in such a night, claimed every indulgence.

The dread of being found in such a place, and with such bad men, still worked violently on my mind; yet durst I not yet communicate my feelings to my friend. I knew that if I had called him out, I should have given the fellows cause to suspect something not in their favor. I would have spoken to him in one of the learned languages, and in Latin or Greek, have requested him to come out from amongst them, and be separate; but I was not quite certain that Cowling was ignorant of these tongues.

After supper, the punch bowl was set on the table, and Barrett, who spoke for the rest, hoped that it would not be disagreeable to drink in their company.

The glass had hardly gone round, when Pollard proposed to play a game at cards. I expressed my disapprobation; assuring him, that we were both clergymen. I quoted a
passage

passage from scripture in Latin, as a reason for my declining the overture, which I soon found was no more understood by any of the thieves, than if I had been talking in Arabic. Now I embraced an instant opportunity of describing our situation, in the same language, which soon changed Herries's countenance. But I begged that he would shew as little sign of what he felt as possible, but rather strive to humour our horrible companions as much as we could.

I was more afflicted with being in the company of Stubbs than of the rest; for I considered him as the scum of thieves, and the vilest of all the sons of infamy. But I could not recede. The night was still tempestuous, and the wind shook the house over our heads. The tiles were blown off the roof; the trees around the place were despoiled of their branches with a hideous crack, and dreadful desolation threatened to devour us alive.

But this awful commotion of the elements had little or no effect on the sanguine sons of injustice; who, as I quickly learned by their behaviour,

behaviour, were resolved to rob us by some means or other. Pollard mentioned pricking the belt, selling the horse, throwing the dice, hiding under and hustling in the hat; but we both remained invulnerable to all his artifice.

As I sent up an ejaculation to the great supreme, humbly imploring his protection in that hour of peril, the following lines of Milton, which the almighty speaks to Raphael, as he was going to set out with a message to man, were darted immediately into my soul.

By *violence*? No; for that shall be withstood. Mr. Herries also appeared to place the same confidence in God on the occasion; for he repeated the following lines of Horace, as translated by one of the moderns:

The man resolved and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamour, and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not

Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
 Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
 Should the whole frame of nature round him break
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
 He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Whilst my friend repeated these beautiful lines, the thieves little knew that he applied them more to the danger we were in by false brethren, than to the storm and tempest ; for they allowed that the words were very good ; and I believe that they had not the least idea of ever having seen or heard Mr. Herries or me before that evening.

Barrett soon after this, feigned being much in liquor, and expressed a desire to cast the dice for twenty, thirty, fifty, or an hundred guineas, with any man that durst say done. So saying, he arose, seemed to reel along the floor, and fell down in the passage without. In his absence, Cowling winked to my friend,
 and

and threw out, that the gentleman who had withdrawn, was enormously rich, and that a thousand pounds were no more to him, than to the Marquis of Rockingham, or the Duke of Bedford. You may as well win his hundred, as any body else; for spent it must be, and he needs not care a rush how; for his father is lately deceased, and has left him a large estate. His uncle, who is also immensely wealthy, is near his latter end. So you see, Sir, how it is. Money was made to pass from hand to hand; from father to son, even to the third and fourth generation, as the commandment says, Sir.

“We have but little money, and less inclination to gaming,” replied Mr. Herries, “but would rather enjoy company in a friendly manner.” A sudden silence ensued for five minutes, when Pollard went out, and next Stubbs followed him.

Cowling now asked me if I could give him change for a fifty pound note? I told him I had no more running cash than what I wanted on the road. Can you change a
twenty?

twenty? I cannot spare it, said I. A ten? No, Sir, it does not suit me. Does it suit *you*, Sir? exclaimed he, to Mr. Herries. My friend also answered in the negative; and the thief withdrew after his infamous fellow sharpers.

I had but little opportunity to address my friend on our mutual danger; for the landlord came into the room, and expressed his surprize at the sudden departure of the gentlemen.

“Are they quite gone for the night,” said I. He answered, “Yes.” “Very well, Sir, I am not sorry that they are gone,” said Mr. Herries, smiling. “Perhaps, Sir, you may not think it quite so well, when you are obliged to discharge the reckoning without their help,” vociferated the host, “and that is all, gentlemen.” “I thought these people, Sir,” said I, “had been your very good friends, and as such you bade us consider them; but what must you now deem them, since they are gone without paying.” “That is nothing to me gentlemen,” retorted

torted the landlord; I knew you were left behind, and I desire no better security."

We agreed to have no more words about the matter, as we thought we had great reason to be glad at the happy event of the departure of the villains. The landlord brought in his bill before we went to bed, pretending, that perhaps he should not be so soon up in the morning as we might be; and, although his charge was exorbitant beyond all example, in such cases, amounting for supper, beds, and stabling, to above five pounds, we paid him without farther ceremony.

We were both, with Kenneth, conducted up to one chamber, where were two beds, not apparently the most decent we had ever seen. I asked Kenneth if the horses were safe, and properly foddered? He said yes, and told us that those of the other gentlemen were still standing in the stable.

This was a fresh alarm to my fears, and Herries expressed great concern upon the occasion, as dreading we should both be robbed.

bed in the night by these desperadoes, who were no doubt still under the roof of that house of infamy. I now considered the landlord as an accomplice of the thieves. We told Kenneth what the men were who had supped with us that evening, and had fled to prevent payment. "Oh," exclaimed the poor fellow, "they will all be hanged at Tyburn for that, if they do not turn back!"

Our window (not very accessible from the court) overlooked the stable; so that we could see or hear if any of the horses were taken out. The tempest was now subsided, and the clouds, having spent their store, were fled away on the wings of the wind. The moon lately risen, now shone with unclouded majesty, to hold her dominion in the night over half the world. I could see the yard filled with tiles and rubbish, and the limbs of trees scattered about on each side. What dreadful destruction must have reigned at sea during the tempest?

As we were in a state quite defenceless, having no fire arms or swords to keep off an
enemy

enemy; we secured the door, and examined the closets, even looking up the chimney, to see that none of the villains was placed there. — But chiefly we cried to the STRONG for help, and ardently implored the protecting power of HIM who rules even in the raging of the sea, and can still the madness of the people; whose fiat set bounds to the proud waves by a perpetual decree which they cannot pass, and also set limits to the malice of man, saying, “hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!”

We ventured to lay ourselves down, in a firm dependance on the divine goodness, Kenneth drew his bed close to the door, which he said would prevent a sudden entrance of the thieves; and advised us, if any attempt should be made to break open the door, to let ourselves down from the window by the sheets fixed to the frame.

It was a considerable time before I could fall asleep. My reason at last, however, was absorbed by a frightful dream. I thought I beheld my amiable Maria distressed, distracted,

ted, and almost abandoned to despair. I impetuously flew to comfort her, when she suddenly disappeared, and sunk into the earth before I could fold her in my arms.—I awakened under the deep impression of what I had seen, and screaming aloud, alarmed Kenneth, who cried out “Thieves! thieves!” Herries too was startled at my loud acclaim, and more affrighted when we heard a loud knocking at the door of the chamber.

Kenneth cried aloud, “Who is there?” “Open the door,” exclaimed the landlord. “Open locks, whoever knocks,” said Herries, having recovered his senses.” I reprimanded him for his levity, and urged him to rise without delay; for the thieves, I said, (softly) are certainly all fast approaching the room.

The knocking at the door continued until we were all dressed, when I desired Kenneth to let himself down from the window as softly as possible, and run up to the farmhouses at the end of the lane by the road side, and bring the people to our immediate assistance

ance. With the quickest dispatch he tied two sheets together, fastened the corner of one to the window frame, and descended unhurt.

The landlord himself now spoke, and demanded admittance, with horrid oaths and imprecations. I was resolved to keep him out as long as I could, as considering our lives to be in the utmost danger if he was concerned. It was not likely that we should be suffered to escape with life on such an occasion, lest he should be impeached along with the thieves.

I asked him "what he wanted at such an unseasonable hour of night?" "Open the door and I will tell you," replied he, with a menacing tone; "or if you do not, by — you will repent your having locked the door!"

"Whom have you along with you," cried Herries. "Here are the gentlemen, whom I have brought back, to pay their part of the reckoning," replied the host; "and I require
your

your aid to hold them from giving me the slip a second time."

"If that is all," said I, "let them go about their business, and you may as well return to your bed. You have already been amply satisfied for your supper, and we do not choose to be disturbed in the apartment which we have also extravagantly paid for.

Upon this they altogether set up a loud vociferation, and attempted to break open the door, which was not pannelled, but a strong ledged one. Herries threw out our cloak-bags, and began to get out at the window himself, when the thieves accomplished their design, and rushed into the room, armed with pistols and cutlasses.

But they quickly appeared much disconcerted, and unsteady to their purpose, when they came forward with their lights, and saw that our servant was gone. The landlord ran back, as if quite distracted, crying aloud, I will have nothing to do in the matter! And whilst the four thieves went up to the window, and saw the sheet hanging down, a loud shout

shout from the yard alarmed them, and the cry of thieves! thieves! was quickly echoed around the house, in which acclaim Herries and myself most cordially united.

The four fellows ran precipitately down stairs, and we went to the window, apprised the people who were come, (about nine or ten stout young men) that the villains were withdrawn from the chamber, and ordered Kenneth to take care of our portmanteaus. Upon this our dear deliverers ran round to the front door, and divided themselves into two parties; one of which withdrew behind the house to take care that the villains should not escape that way. Whilst we were looking, another party of rustics arrived, some with fire-arms, and others with bay and dung folks, a phalanx formidable enough to take thrice the number of these sons of injustice.

Herries and me now plucked up our spirits, ran down stairs, and meeting no opposition, opened the front door, when several of the young men rushing into the house, renewed their cry of thieves!—"Oh! here are two
of

of them," cried one of the men.—Shoot them dead this moment!" exclaimed a second.—

"D——n it, we shall not get the reward if we kill them!" said a third.

"God Almighty blefs you both, my good masters," cried Kenneth, "I am as glad that you are safe, and sound as I was when I was cleared at Sunderland." Then turning to the people, he assured them, that we were the gentlemen for whom he implored their protection from the depredation of the thieves.

We now joined the undeceived rustics in their search, and first found the landlord snoring in his bed, with his clothes on, and a couple of horse pistols, loaded and primed, under the bedstead. His feigned surprize did not prevent him from being seized, as I assured the young men that he was a principal in the intended robbery. Having secured him, we proceeded to find out the rest, and soon discovered all the four crammed into a corner in the cellar.—The young men presenting their guns, and Herries and me the pistols which we lately found; the fellows
surrendered

surrendered at discretion, suffered themselves to be fast bound, and begged for mercy.

Said I, "Gentlemen, these men are not objects of the least clemency, as they are perfectly depraved and incorrigible. They have all very recently made their escape from one of his Majesty's gaols, to which they had been sent for felony, and a reward of twenty pounds a head has been offered by the keeper of Newcastle gaol, for their apprehension, over and above what is allowed by act of Parliament."

The landlord's wife and daughter, to whom we had not spoken before, now came down from their chamber; half naked, and fell down on their knees, to beg mercy for the offenders. The young woman harped chiefly on Barrett, and shed tears, when she was told that her sweetheart would certainly be hanged.

I knew too much of their villainy to admit one thought of relenting into my mind. They were of a cast the most nefarious, and no reform could be hoped for from such abandoned

abandoned miscreants, who gloried in their shame, and durst even defy the all-penetrating vision of the Supreme himself. We joined the company up to the village on our horses; and from thence, as soon as day broke, helped to escort them to Doncaster, filled all the way with gratitude to the Almighty, Father of every mercy, for our providential and almost miraculous deliverance from danger and death.

As I have dwelt rather long on this remarkable incident of my life, I shall conclude the story very briefly. We treated our deliverers at Doncaster with victuals, and what liquor was needful for their refreshment. We attended the examination before a magistrate, where we met the two gentlemen whom we had seen at Northalerton, and who now turned out to be two of Sir John Fielding's men, dispatched for Barrett and Cowling to Newcastle, where they hoped to have found them, or in its vicinity. Having heard of their escape, and being intent on the reward, these runners had made the best of

their way to the south, but now appeared much chagrined at the loss of their aim. As we could not swear a robbery against any of the villains, we were dismissed by the magistrate. Barrett and Cowling were consigned to the care of the London runners; Pollard and Stubbs were returned to Newcastle; and the landlord, who had another charge of a capital kind exhibited against him, was sent to the castle of York.

We staid so long in Doncaster, as to be ready for dinner; and setting out in the afternoon, rode through Bawtry, and reached a good inn a little after the evening was advanced. We knew that we had nothing to dread from the four fellows whom we saw secured, at least for the present, and therefore did not hesitate to put up again in a lonely caravansera. We had a supper superior to that of the preceding evening, and for less than a quarter the expence, and were conducted to decent apartments, and separate, without the danger of molestation.

As we rode smartly the next day, we reached

reached Grantham, and there dined. We arrived at Stamford the same evening, but rather late.

Here we met with company, who were proceeding to London with an insane gentleman, to lodge him in Bethlem hospital. He was a school-master, who, having puzzled his brain too much in attempting to find out the perpetual motion, and exploring the system of Sir Isaac Newton, was deemed delirious. He had held the doctrine of Copernicus in his youth, but deviated from it as he grew up. He maintained that the ebbing and flowing of the tide was owing to the motion of the earth diurnally around its axis from west to east. He believed that the sun was at no great distance from the earth, and was not bigger than the county of Lincoln, and that the moon was much nearer our world, and about the size of a large meadow. As to the stars, he believed them to be no more than augur holes, bored for the purpose of transmitting light to the earth from the realms of everlasting day.

It appeared that this unfortunate man had possessed a mechanical genius, which he discovered in the invention and construction of several machines. One was a carriage to run alone up hills and down dales, without employing horses, which he offered to the society of royal academicians, as calculated to lower the price of provision, by reducing the number of those animals.

I conversed with the pedagogue, and found him quite sensible and decent in his deportment. I had often heard that many men had been reported insane by their pretended friends for sinister purposes, and entertained a strong suspicion that the case of this man was similar; for every person who adopts and holds an absurd ridiculous system of philosophy, is not always to be accounted insane. I communicated my suspicion to Herries, who abruptly began to make a serious enquiry into the case of the school-master, by holding with him the following dialogue:

Herries. Pray, my good friend, are you possessed

possessed of any considerable property in land or money ?

School-master. I am, or was at least, in expectation of an estate of an hundred and fifty pounds a year, on the death of my uncle.

Herries. To whom will that estate fall, if you are not to be found, or supposed to be dead ?

School-master. To a cousin in this county, with whom I have not been in friendship for above seven years. He has several times attempted my life.

Herries. Has he any hand in sending you away from your friends at present ?

School-master. He alone is the person whom I can blame on the occasion.

Herries. What particular act of your late life does he, or any other person point out, as the ground of supposing you insane, Sir ?

School-master. If my keeper will permit me, I will tell you, Sir.

Herries. As I am very far from being certain that you are in the state which your kee-

per has represented, I shall expect that you shall not be interrupted by him.

All the company. Certainly not. We will all hear you. Go on, Sir.

School-master. You must know then, Sir, that the house of an old lady in Lincolnshire was confidently said to be haunted by an apparition.

Herries. Did you give implicit credit to such a foolish report, Sir?

School-master. No; I did not believe any such chimerical nonsense.

Herries. Well, Sir. Had you any thing to do with the invisible agent? How was it said to operate?

School-master. Why, you must know, Sir, that I have long been taken for a conjurer in this country, and considered, by the great and small vulgar, as one who could both raise and lay the devil. In this case, the lady, whom I just now alluded to, sent for me to try my skill in the latter operation. The rumour of this ghost had spread far and near, and scarce a person could be found hardy enough

enough to reside in the house above one night. All those who attempted to do so, were disturbed by frightful noises, knockings, and scratchings, as the agent acted for all the world, as the report ran, like the Cock-lane Ghost of London, which was soon after laid in the red sea by my Lord Mansfield and Sir Fletcher Norton.

Herries. Mr.—I do not know your name [to the keeper]—this man talks rationally enough!

Keeper. Let him go on, Sir.

Herries. Well, Sir; you say you was sent for by the lady?

School-master. Yes, Sir. I waited upon her ladyship, who told me that she had been apprised of my skill in the black art, and hoped I would use it well, by laying the apparition which had haunted her house, with the utmost expedition. She assured me that it sometimes scratched like a cat, and sneezed like a christian; that it had appeared like a cow with long horns—like Hamlet's father's spirit, armed cap-a-pee.—Sometimes, she

said, it appeared in the shape of a hare; sometimes an old woman: at other times, it resembled a Lincolnshire goose just plucked, and sometimes, like the parson of the parish, in a white surplice.

Herries. What return did you make to her request?

School-master. I told the gentlewoman, that the ghost was certainly within my province, and that I would extirpate him, and all his companions, in one night. "Companions!" cried the lady, "are there more spirits than one in the place, Sir?" "Yes, Madam, there is almost a legion of them." "But you shall not attempt to fit up without good company, Sir," said she; "you shall have the curate and clerk, the methodist preacher of London, and such good people to attend you."

Herries. Perhaps the spirit, dumb to you, might speak to them!

School-master. So the night of the exorcism was fixed, these good folks, and others attended,

ed, and I was not unwilling to bring a little grist to the Priest's mill on the occasion.

Herries. We shall have the ghost scene in Hamlet presently.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—Or that of the witches in Macbeth—When shall we three meet again—in thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

Keeper. By heaven this gentlemen is as fit for Bethlem, as my patient !

Herries. Not so mad, but I know a hawk from a handfaw !

School-master. The room said to be most infested with the spirit, was highly illuminated. I fixed a circular machine in the centre, resembling a rat-trap, drew a circle, repeated a great deal of jargon, and used arts unknown to the spectators; amongst whom was the lady and the persons whom she had mentioned to me. All stood on the tip-toe of expectation, when I waved my rod, and gave the word of command for the first spirit to make his immediate appearance, and enter into the machine—You have read Homer's catalogue of ships I suppose, Sir.

Herries. Certainly, Sir, in the original too.

School-master. But I had not recourse to their names, but chose rather to call over the infernal spirits in Milton, as they arose from the burning lake of Pandæmonium.

Herries. Did they as instantly obey their general's voice, as these fallen infernals did, Sir?

—————As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile.

School-master.
So numberless were these bad angels seen
Hov'ring on wing under the cope of hell;
Twixt upper, nether, and furrounding fires;
Till, as the signal given————

Keeper. May I be chained to the floor, if these two gentlemen would not make excellent companions!

Herries. Go on, Sir. Say muse their names.

School-master. I first called forth Moloch,
and

and he ran into the machine with the utmost impetuosity. The lady screamed; the gentlemen shouted, and I still waved my wand. I next called up Chemos, Baalim or Ashtaroth, the he and she devil—Astarte—they ran into the temple. I described each as they ran across the floor in the words of Milton, in his first book of *Paradise Lost*. Thammuz—aye, he was the next devil in the list.

Herries.

——Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In am'rous ditties all the summer days;
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded; the love tale
 Infected Zion's daughters with like heat.——

School-master. Well, Sir, Thammuz being as safe as a thief in a mill, I called to Dagon—he came.—Rimmon—he made his immediate appearance.—Osiris, Isis, Orus—they came.—Belial came last, and ran into the temple—the machine—the rat-trap.

Keeper.

Keeper. You had a choice collection of all the chief devils in your new Noah's ark!

Herries.

Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood,
Or altar smoak'd; yet who more oft than he
On temples and at altars when the priest
Turns Atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God.

School-master. After these came a numerous race, and all repaired to the temple, amidst the frighted spectators.

Herries. Had you, Sir, the power of reducing their size, and so to suffer the chiefs to remain in their native forms and bigness? for so Milton represents his spirits on their entering the temple of Pandæmonium.

—So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd, and were straiten'd till the signal giv'n:
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,

Whose

Whose midnight revels by a forest side
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress. —————

Keeper. D—n me, if the moon does not
 rule over both your brains!

School-master. So, Sir, you must know
 that I had all these supposed apparitions under
 cover in the machine; and as soon as I
 had collected the whole company, I ordered
 two men to carry them away, and the house
 has never been haunted since: the lady enjoys
 her habitation unmolested by Moloch, Belial,
 and all the rest of the devils, which were
 no more and no less, than so many *great bun-*
gry rats which had been prowling about the
 house in vain for food, and that was the cause
 of their crying and composing a hedious
 concert, which a good Tom cat could have
 marred as well as me. And now, Sir, this
 good action, performed by an art which a
 poor travelling fellow once taught me, has
 caused my friends to account me insane, and
 fittest

PRO THE KENTISH CURATE.

fittest for the place to which they are conducting me.

I could not refrain shedding a tear, when I reflected on the hard condition of the School-master; who, because he appeared extravagant and ridiculous, was decreed to be the companion of moping melancholy, perhaps for life! I am persuaded that there are many wonton and wicked abuses of this nature practised in this kingdom; and what can any man say against the charge of insanity. He is disregarded by his acquaintances, denied the use of writing to his real friends, and is often reduced to that state, in reality, which was only ideal. To such unhappy victims of avarice or revenge, private mad-houses prove as baneful as the inquisition. And public places of the like nature are really as dreadful as the infernal regions of woe,

—Where hope never comes,
That comes to all, but torture without end.

It was not in the power of my friend or me to afford the School-master the least relief.

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relief. We tried in vain; for the decree,
to the disgrace of humanity, was gone forth,
and was as irrevocable as the laws of the
Medes and Persians.

VII. BOOK

BOOK

B O O K VII.

WE left Stamford with a firm resolution of precipitating our journey. The winter was fast advancing; the face of the country had lost much of its beauty, and the whole horizon round wore a hazy hue. The fallen leaves of autumn could only put us in mind of the most melancholly scene, in which we were born to act our part sooner or later. —The warblers of the forest have forgot their wonted melody, and the plaintive songster, who attunes her notes best in the darkling shades, no longer soothes the solitary sojourner, or the wakeful meditant, amidst his rural walks.

Should a traveller from a far country, who
never

never before beheld Britain, he led to take a survey of the country in the depth of winter, when the hills are covered with snow, the vallies clad with white, and the rivers appear arrested in their course, and to leave the argent scene before the southern gales awakened the spring, or the pristine roses and blossoms began to adorn the lawns and gardens, and so report what alone he had observed, and conclude, that barrenness must always prevail in the land that he had left, how injudicious should we deem his head? how ungenerous his heart? For even whilst he was blazoning the barrenness of Britain abroad, amongst his admirers, her vallies would be recovering their verdure; her fields beginning to teem with the springing blades, and all her blissful borders be in one beauteous bloom.

It proved not so, however, with my friend Herries; for he looked upon every land, and all its variety of seasons; as the lot of man, cast by the all-bounteous Bestower of every good and perfect gift. He could anticipate the blossoms of spring, the glory of summer,
and

and the plenty of autumn, amidst the storms and tempests of winter, and admire the wisdom and goodness of the Highest in all the various scenes of the landscape.

Yet, are we not too apt to suffer the present impression on our senses, to act too forcibly on our future feelings? I knew a person in the south of Scotland, who never had seen the Highlands but in December. I have heard him declare, that having business beyond Inverness every year about that time, never saw the least verdure on the face of the country. He perpetually called that quarter the frozen north, even in the height of summer, and dwelt much on the hills of snow and barrenness of the vales in the ripe season of autumn. But, as I told him, when I happened to be in his company, a rustic who had never entered the verge of a populous city, but at the hour of midnight, might as rationally have concluded, that the place was without inhabitants, and perpetually covered with the shades of darkness.

Although the weather was unfavourable
all

all the way, yet our journey was rendered agreeable by our mutual harmony of sentiment on most subjects. I discovered Herries to have a very enlarged mind, a most tenacious memory, and an exalted genius. I made no small improvement from his sensible observations on the works of God, displayed in the various counties through which we passed; for though he had never been before in England, as a traveller, he was quite familiar with the bounds, soil, produce, and curiosities of every province. But I forbear to record my own observations on our journey.

We made such good use of our time, that we reached St. Alban's, the ancient city of Virulum, the second day of our setting out from Stamford; and here we agreed to halt for the night, though it was early when we arrived, that our ride to the metropolis the next day might be easy, and unattended with danger.

As I happened to pass through the kitchen, I saw a person, whose face I thought I had seen in Scotland. I was free enough to speak
to

to him, although he was engaged in low company, as I stood by the fire. At last I found that it was the self-created doctor who had spoken to Lord Lyttleton at Dunbar, and whom his lordship had desired to call upon him in London.

This was too favourable an opportunity for me to slip, of being informed of the welfare of my worthy patron; so I begged the doctor would walk into the parlour. He said "that his wife and children were along with him, on their return to the North, and therefore he could plead the excuse of the man in the gospel, who had married a wife and could not come." I replied, "the man's excuse was idle and frivolous, for he might have taken his wife with him." The doctor took the hint, and so accompanied me, with his family, into the parlour, agreeable to my desire.

The moment he entered the room, he knew Herries, and kindly enquired how all friends at the university of old Reeky fared? Herries bowed to the doctor, as to one he did not know,

know, which made the graduate appear much chagrined, and out of temper. After drinking a glass of wine, he thus addressed my friend: "Lack-a-day, mawn, have you so soon grown proud, Mr. Herries, as to deny your old school-master in Perthshire, who often made you feel the rod for your lack of Latin? What! not remember poor Robby Sanders, the historian, the compiler, and comb-maker of the Cannon-gate, when you went to college? Hooly and fairly, lad, dinna be so muckle aboon poor people: I have got far above your sphere: I have soared where you durst not soar; and not to ken me, argues yoursell unknown, the meanest of your train, as your auld friend and mine. I mean Milton, says in his book."

I conjured the gentlemen, as scholars and countrymen, to put away all ill will and rancour, and be friendly and sociable, like men of a liberal turn of mind, and inimical to every species of low prejudice. "Wi a' my heart and soul, Mr Lamuel Lyttleton, the good Kentish Curate; I am resolved to take your advice, Sir," replied the doctor.

Mr.

Mr. Herries now immediately starting from his seat, ran to the doctor, caught his hand, and declared that he but that moment recollected his face; assuring him that he was unspeakably happy to have the opportunity of seeing a person whom he had known from his infancy.

The doctor next, in answer to certain questions which I put to him, informed me that Lord Lyttleton had finished his history of Henry the second; and, having paid him three hundred pounds for correcting the press, altering the punctuation, and elucidating the work with notes, collected from curious and scarce manuscripts, had, after full two years labour and study, dismissed him from his service in the literary line; so that now he was returning, like Jacob from Padan-Aram, to his own country, with his family and little flock, to spend the remainder of his days in domestic peace and pure happiness.

I insisted upon his stay to supper in the parlour. He consented: and after we had drank a chearing glass, after a temperate meal,

meal, he proceeded to entertain us with the relation of his life, from his first arrival in London, to the time he left Lord Lyttleton. This I have here cast in by way of Episode, which I promise the reader is entertaining and true; and only add, that I hope it will not be deemed a deviation from the narrative of my own life, as several of the incidents are intimately connected with it.

The HISTORY of DR. SANDERS:

*His ADVENTURES Abroad, and at Home, with
the BOOKSELLERS of Paternoster-Row.*

WHO amongst the sons of sensibility can express the anxiety and perturbation of my mind, when I trod my last step on Caledonian ground, and passed over the Tweed at Berwick? I ascended the hill on the south, and surveyed the ancient town, and the adjacent coast. Like the mighty *Xerxes*, I dropped a tender tear, and wept over my dear country, to think, that within an hundred years, if the rage of emigration continued,
there

there would not be left ten men of genius and literature in the land. I cried bitterly at the reflection, and could not refrain from wailing, until I reached the summit of a hill, and exchanged a northern for a southern scene.

Pass but a few short fleeting years,
 (Imperial Xerxes sigh'd and said,
 When his fond eyes, suffus'd with tears,
 His num'rous host survey'd)
 And all the pomp that now appears
 A glorious living scene
 Shall fade—shall pass away—shall die—
 And low without distinction lie—
 As if it never had been !
 True, tyrant ; wherefore then does pride,
 And vain ambition fire thy mind,
 To spread thy needless conquests wide,
 And desolate mankind ?
 Say, why do myriads bleed at thy command ?
 Since life itself's so short—why shake the hasty sand ?

On I travelled, pensive and sad, through the various counties of the new kingdom, till I reached Yorkshire. There I settled a few weeks, and laboured with my hands, in fabricating

fabricating the attenuated machines which entrap the pigmy race who take up their head quarters over the pericranium of the human kind ; such I mean who are inimical to wigs. There also I betrothed a bonny lass, fat and fair, buxom and jolly. My soul was touched at her angelic glances—I squeezed her tender hand—I pressed her vermilion lips ; and, at last, forsook the comely order of my native clime, and wedded the dear Lucinda, with the badge of the bawd of Babylon. She was then in place—my mind was set on London—Lord Lyttleton’s invitation hung upon my heart ; and I knew he could not publish his history of Henry without my help.

When I reached the capital, my feet were lame, my shoes (not like those of Jacob’s sons in the wilderness) were worn quite out. So also were the twa elbows of my twa coats. I entered the very heart of the city with boldness, regardless of my indifferent dress ; viewed St. Paul’s ; went upon change, and met a countryman, a baker, who knew me. With him I dined, and then set out to the

other end of the town, to visit my Lord Lyttleton.

But as I was walking along the Strand, staring at every body I met, I was accosted by a genteel-looking fellow, with a cockade to his silver-laced hat, a blue great coat ; and under it a scarlet one edged with silver.

“G—d’s mercy, mawn,” exclaimed the fellow, “how is a’ wi’ you, lad?” “Unco’ brawly, lad,” returned I, “thank you for spearing.” “Does Scotland stand on the same side the Tweed that it did twenty years ago, lad?” rejoined my new acquaintance. “Is auld Reeky still within twa miles of Leith, and does the castle still stand on the hill? Will you gang in wi’ me to the change house, and drink share of a chopping of excellent ale, sold by Lucky Smith, the perfumer, late fra’ Blowbladder-street, dealer in rum, arrack, brandy, and bear’s greese?”

I thought the lad looked unco’ kindly and good natured ; so I did not hesitate a moment, but went along with him. After we had drank two or three pints, the lad asked me if
I could

I could change him a guinea? "Deel a baw-bee have I got," said I, "but this crown piece, which I have had ever since I left the land of cakes." "Mercy, man!" cried he, "I have not beheld such a sight, the Lord kens when.—Let me look at it, lad; it is a sight good for fore een, as the old saying is." I put it into his hand, and that instant came into the room no less than six soldiers!

Those were followed by a great tun-bellied cunning-looking man, whose tongue told me he was my countryman in law, by the side of my Lucinda. He too wore a military habit, like that of an officer. He sat down close by me, and called me as familiarly by my name, as if he had known me from my baptism.

"Have I not seen your comely countenance in Germany, Mr. Sanders," said he, staring me full in the face; "and did not you and me quarter together at the sign of the Loggerheads at Leyden?" I told him that I never was out of the island in my life. 'Oot awa', man," cried the scoundrel, who

held my crown-piece, "you was a soldier belonging to the fourteenth regiment of foot last war, and you and I knocked out the brains of about an hundred Frenchmen at Minden, when Lord George stood still, and looked on the battle." "That I will swear to be true," vociferated Mr. Largebelly, "for I was there and shared the plunder. I wish we had as much now amongst us, Mr. Sanders; for I am sure your old hat would not hold half your part."

"Come, Sir," continued Largebelly, "have you a month's mind to see the world? I am just going on a voyage to Asia to see the land of promise, taste the milk and honey, and view the rarities of Jerusalem. From Palestine we shall proceed to the golden mines of Ophir, where Solomon found all his riches, and from thence I think of coming home with a ship load of wealth, and as many Oriental vegetables as will set me up a doctor."

The appellation of doctor drew my close attention so much to his talk, that I did not
see

see the first fellow that I met slip a shilling into my hand; but I was soon informed what it was for; not the return in part of my solitary crown, but as earnest in hiring me to serve the king.

“ Well, Mr. Sanders,” said Largebelly, “ that will save you the trouble of going to the Savoy over the way; but I would rather obtain your consent to accompany me, if it were only for a year, as a servant to India, that you may be made for ever.” “ He must go,” cried another of the fellows, “ for a man of learning in the eastern clime, will soon become as rich as my Lord Clive, or any other nabob.”

To be brief with this part of my story, I was obliged to attend Largebelly to the office in Bow-street, to have my name registered as a nabob; but all they could say or do, I would not agree to be sworn. I lost my crown; was sworn to as a deserter, and sent to the Savoy, the most horrible military prison in the world.

All the fellows who attended me at the

ale-house of Lucky Smith, accompanied me up the stairs to the place called the captain's kitchen. That gloomy military gaol-keeper, dressed in his night gown, was sitting at a desk looking over the list of his prisoners, when my name was added to the roll, without the addition of doctor in laws.

My pockets were searched, for fear I should have any weapons upon me, either to annoy the rest of the incarcerated unfortunates, or to injure myself.—I complained to the captain, that one of the infamous persons present, whom I called a kidnapper, had kept a crown piece which I had just shewn him, and refused to return it.—The officer bestowed a contemptuous smile, turned round on his heel, and ordered his turnkey in waiting to convey me to the common prison; which he did by leading me down the back steps into the quadrangle, where, the moment I entered, I was accompanied by about an hundred prisoners of various descriptions, many of them horrible-looking fellows, who demanded what they were pleased to call garnish.

They

They hurried me into the hall, where was a fire, and benches filled with a set of loathsome dirty deserters, who seemed highly pleased on my appearance at the Savoy.

I had informed the fellows who first surrounded me, that I had already been robbed of all my money, by a mock military mercenary. Upon which they declared, I must be tried by a court martial. A court was accordingly formed, composed of twelve of the miscreants, assuming the names of generals and other officers, and a sham judge advocate, as president.

This mock court being formed in the hall, they bound my hands, and set me to the bar. The president opened the business with a speech, the most illiterate and dull I had ever heard, and then gathered the suffrages of the generals, which predominated in favor of the garnish. The demand was eighteenpence; and as I was unable to pay, they unbound my hands, and stripped me of my great coat. The court sat some time upon the garment, and were pleased to pronounce its value to be under the mark, as each mem-

ber of the court insisted on being satisfied for his trouble in attending. Without farther ceremony, therefore, the mock serjeant, in waiting, also despoiled me of my waistcoat, as my body coat was inadequate to their purpose.

Just as the court broke up, a damsel, whose deformed face I had seen at Lucky Smith's, [I knew her by her abridged nose, monstrous wide mouth, carotty hair, and impudent demeanor] entered the quadrangle, with puddings, pies, and a private dram bottle. My coat and vesture were submitted to her inspection, and they demanded six shillings upon them by way of pledge, until the poor penniless prisoner, as they expressed themselves, could procure the assistance of his friends to redeem them.

This greedy groupe ordered a quantity of porter, for which the turnkey, who was a soldier in the place, and the chief of the blackguards, charged a halfpenny a quart extraordinary. The oldest deserter, who that morning had been returned from the hospital

tal, his back being prepared to receive the rest of a thousand lashes, ordered by a court martial, drank first——d——d the general who was most active in trying him, and sent all the remainder of the officers to the devil into the bargain. The other mock colonels, captains, lieutenants, and subalterns, who formed a rank in the hall, followed the example of their chief; and having drank every drop of the beer, without offering any to me, proclaimed me a free fellow soldier, declaring that they would charge me with no other tax till I had been fitted for the hospital, by being brought to the halberts.

The greater part of these wretches had but little the appearance of soldiers, for they had been picked out of the stews, prisons, and houses of infamy. Many of them had the appearance of gypsies, kennel-rakers, and pickpockets; and, by their filthy rags, plainly proclaimed the story of their birth, parentage, and education. Those who assumed the least air of decency, were held in sovereign contempt by the majority, and either

obliged to conform to their nefarious practices, or suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune with me in that military mansion of misery and confusion.

One of these geniuses had been a paymaster serjeant at Chatham barracks, and proved unfaithful to his trust, by embezzling about an hundred pounds. Having squandered away that money in riot and revelling with the ladies of the lanes of London, he commenced a gentleman of the road, and collected cash on the king's highway, till he was taken, with two other fellows, on Finchly Common, carried before a magistrate, and admitted evidence for the crown. On his enlargement, the officers of his regiment, who, notwithstanding his infamous conduct, were much prepossessed in his favor, received him again into the corps. He soon gave them the slip a second time; but being taken in town by means of his girl, whom he had affronted, by keeping company with another in bridewell, he was conducted to the Savoy, to be tried for his conduct; where,

where, from a principle of revenge, he resolved to prompt on the rest of the prisoners to acts of inhumanity, and every ferocious practice that could throw the place into disorder.

Perhaps, amongst the various classes of offenders, the infamous deserter deserves the least commiseration. His offence is a crime of the worst nature ; none can appear more hateful, and none claims a severer punishment. The villain, who, regardless of the sacred oath he has taken, deliberately abandons his post, and flies from his colours, is the worst of traitors, and deserves no place in society. Lost to all sense of honor, he ignobly betrays his trust, and ingloriously leaves the cause of his king and country to sink or swim, as chance may direct. No wonder that the inmates of the Savoy prison, being chiefly composed of such miscreants, should prove inimical to every man of sense, decency, or honor, as persons perjured, and the pests of society.

It happened the same day that about ten
more

more deserters were brought into the prison. The moment their hands were unbound in the yard, the sons of insolence beset them, and demanded the due. The new comers were resolute, and refusing to pay, a battle, that terminated in bloody noses and black eyes, instantly ensued. I had soon the satisfaction to see my late malevolent judges obliged to give up the contest with loss. The affray drew the captain into the court, with a picquet guard. He enquired the cause of the commotion; and, on being informed, laughed horridly a ghastly grin, and so wheeled round.

I came too late to receive the daily allowance, and therefore was obliged to retire to the place of our night quarters, without supper. Some of the deserters, who had their doxies to wait upon them in the dungeon, fared sumptuously every day; but being perfectly devoid of every tender feeling, never asked a stranger to taste a morsel of their meat. I contented myself with a cup of cold
water

water from the pump before I was conducted up to the common apartment.

The imperious governor, Captain J——n, who scarcely could pronounce a sentence in speech, abstracted from the terms of military punishment and threatenings, came down from his kitchen, furrounded by a guard, whilst all the prisoners were collected in the area, to see us counted, as we entered the place, leading to the strong room.

The windows, which were strongly barred with iron, overlooked the area of the quadrangle. The room was about thirty feet long, and twenty-two broad; the walls were lined with oak-planks, and no place appeared vulnerable but the cieling, which was elevated about twelve feet from the floor. On a rising platform, resembling the stalls of fishmongers, were placed our beds, which were pieces of ticking stuffed with straw, a blanket, and a rug. One bed only was allowed to two men; and it happened that my companion was none of the worst fellows in the dreary dungeon; for he was less prone to
noise.

noise and tumult, than those who were around us.

Many of the men being much intoxicated with liquor, began to be noisy and quarrelsome. Some attempted to attune their notes to the harshest music I had ever heard; others, more happy in their mirthful melody, put a stop to indecent language, and strove to dispel the gloom that hung over the place. At the close of every song, good or bad, a general peal of applause reverberated through the room.

After the strains of melody, some proceeded to repeat stories and incidents of their own lives. One man was about two hours in his narration, and opened the most horrid scenes of villainy. He had been in the service ever since he was fifteen; had marched through most of his majesty's dominions, and deserted ten or eleven times, having made a traffick of enlisting and receiving the royal bounty. At intervals, he did not scruple to knock down a passenger on the road, break open a dwelling house, rob a church, or com-
mit

mit a forgery. He had been twice tried at the bar of the Old Bailey, ten times whipped at the head of his company, and once transported to America, where he did well for some time; married a rich planter's widow; and having facilitated her death by ill usage, sold the estate, and returned to England. He next enlisted in the second regiment of guards—married three women in London—was tried for bigamy, burnt in the hand, and imprisoned. Having obtained his discharge, he retired to Oxfordshire, entered into a marching regiment, deserted—was tried for a footpad robbery in Middlesex—acquitted, recognized as a deserter, and sent to the Savoy.

From the unanimous confession of about six other men, I thought I had much learned in my opinion and observations as above, relative to deserters; and it plainly appeared that a perseverance in the ways of vice, was truly attended with toil and trouble. The punishments and imprisonments that some of them had suffered, were almost incredible; and it was hard to believe that human nature could
be

be capable of sustaining such loads of complicated misery.

Some of the prisoners proceeded to recapitulate acts of a nature still more horrible ; to repeat which, my young friends, would too much alarm your finer feelings !

“ Should I unfold the secrets of that place,
’Twould harrow up your souls, freeze your young
blood,

Make each particular hair to stand on end—

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;

But this infernal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood.”—So says the ghost.

SHAKESPEARE.

The next morning about eight o’clock, we were all suffered to reassemble in the yard and the hall, when the female friends of the prisoners were admitted with their breakfast. Those who had no relations, friends, or sweethearts, were, like me, obliged to wait the distribution of the short allowance. Accordingly, about eleven, the little Gothic part was unbarred, and we were warned to go up stairs.

stairs to the kitchen hatch for our provision. I found my appetite keen, and attempted to get forward with the first; when two stout Hibernian heroes pulled me back, and cast me upon the ground. In that situation, I continued under the feet of the crowding sons of insolence, till I was the very last who received the morsel.

When I went up, the captain spoke to me through the wicket, and caused the maid to give me about a quarter of a pound of beef, and two potatoes, on a plate, with half a two-penny loaf. The captain's lady next told me, that the prison allowance was a quart of small beer; but if I liked broth better, she had some for me. I accepted the latter, although it was but thin pot liquor, and so returned down the ragged circular steps. On my right I observed a little wicket, and heard a voice from within which I thought I knew, crying, "How do you do Robert?"

In my extreme hurry to look up, my foot slipped, and down fell my brown bason and broth. I now perceived that the voice proceeded

ceeded from the place called the black hole, and that a fellow was peeping through the wicket, whom I soon knew to be him who had sworn against me the preceding day at the Public Office in Bow-street, before the worshipful Sir John Fielding.

I asked him how he came there so suddenly? He told me that he had indulged a debauch with the reward money; and, behaving disorderly, was dispatched to this place for twenty-four hours to get sober.—Captain J—n was now at my back, and gave me a smart cut with his cane, declaring, if I did not proceed forward to the yard immediately, he would make me keep company with the fellow.—He saw me meet the accident of breaking my basin, but offered not to bestow another, though I could almost have begged one with as much earnestness as Esau besought his brother for a mess of pottage; for indeed, like him, I was upon the point of death; but, like him, I had no birth-right to sell.

When I returned to the area, I found
many

many of the wanton young men playing with their despicable allowance as unworthy their regard. A young fellow, with whom they made sport, being half an idiot, devoured no less than seven or eight basons full of the pot liquor. A considerable quantity was wasted on the occasion by others, but not a single drop would they administer to me, although I sought it with tears.

I soon devoured my morsel of meat, and was told by the turnkey that I would be upon short allowance for a day or two, to make up for the bason. However, I resolved to give my mind no unnecessary anxiety by anticipating future ills, as I knew there was an all-wise Providence presiding over all the affairs of men. I sat down to write, having a little book of blank paper in my pocket, with pens and ink; but the tumultuous crowd, which still encreased, would not bear the sight of my sitting so employed, without discovering much malevolence.

Whilst the perjured miscreant remained in the black hole, an order came to the Savoy
for

for the captain to deliver him up to the civil power, as it appeared, since his commitment, that he had been concerned in a burglary. He was brought down to the area, when I asked him, what, besides the trivial reward of twenty shillings, could have induced him to sell *me* first to the Savoy, by dint of perjury, himself immediately after to the devil, by the perpetration of house-breaking in the night? He looked round with a furlly air, d——d me for a Whitefieldite parson, and made use of most horrid expressions. I replied in the strain of prophesy, by telling him, that he certainly would be hanged—without benefit of clergy!

Afternoon I was called upon by the military footman to step up to the captain's kitchen. When I came there, I beheld Billy Blunderbuss, the military crimp, who urged me to go to the East-Indies. He now renewed his clamorous arguments before the captain. I knew by this time that I could no longer be deemed a deserter, as the man who had sworn to my person was gone to prison,
 and

and could not support his perjury. I told the captain that I was not in the least calculated for a military profession, as my studies were bent to a line diametrically opposite. I assured the mercenary, that I was a doctor, and intended for the presbyterian church of Scotland. The captain's lady, who was within hearing, asked me several questions relative to the Calvinistical doctrine, and told me, that she expected to hear me preach to the prisoners on the next day, being Sunday.

Blunderbuss went away without an answer: I returned to prison, where the turnkey told me, that the lady, to whom I had been talking, was a rank methodist, being a disciple of Whitefield, who frequently visited her, but who always found the captain to be an enemy to every religion, whether natural or revealed, and but very little removed from being an atheist, in the worst sense of the word. I answered, I have often read, that the fool has said in his heart, there is no God, but always thought that the devil both believed and trembled.

As to the deserters, they, for the most part,
deserved

deserved not the name of rational beings. They appeared as little polished as the Hottentots, and less religious than the most barbarous savages in the countries the most remote from civilization. They discovered the utmost depravity that human nature was capable of; and even dæmons themselves can never be supposed more vicious and inimical to good. They never opened their mouths but in blackest blasphemy; and all their actions were levelled against heaven. To preach to such spirits in prison, would, I thought, be as vain a task as that of the Romish saint, who delivered a sermon to the finny fry in the ocean.

However, I prepared a suitable discourse on a subject of such importance, to be ready, if called for, by the captain's lady. I gave a hint to the footman, that the preacher was not unprepared in spirit, but his bodily strength was much impaired by imprisonment, penury, and long abstinence. He reported what I said; for in the evening, he resembled one of the rooks and ravens, who brought

brought meat to the prophet when in the valley, in the days of dearth. He presented me with a plate of roast mutton, and a pint of porter, so that I eat, drank, and remembered my misery no more.

Before night was quite advanced, I was again called up to the captain's room, where were several East-India crimps; and among the rest Billy Blunderbuss, who peremptorily insisted upon taking me to the Orient regions, as a soldier, to serve the company. I remonstrated against the impropriety of such a conduct, and urged them all to declare, if they could tell in what instances I had offended against the laws of my country, in order that I should be subjected to transportation and slavery! The answer of Blunderbuss was, that I was a deserter, and had been sworn to, and committed as such to the Savoy. I replied, you all well know that the man was perjured, and is now about to reap the fruits of his infamy, arising from an action, which was the consequence of his perjury, and will produce its little lean reward.

But

“But if I am a deserter,” continued I, “why am I not to be sent to the proper regiment, which, if it proves only Eutopian, can only inflict imaginary punishment?” The fellows and callous captain were apparently much chagrined, but swore with united voices that I should be forced to go on board, as soon as I arrived at Chatham.

The captain’s lady, who had overheard this military menace, could no longer forbear speaking. “I wonder much,” quoth she, “that military men should be so devoid of humanity, and lost to all tenderness and compassion! Why should this poor stranger be thus maltreated, who is no more a soldier or deserter than I am? Already he has suffered an intolerable bondage, and has been stripped and robbed.”

The lady was proceeding, when the captain, with a most imperious tone and hollow accent, bade the turnkey take me back to the prison, the place, he said, the best calculated for such an obstinate fellow.

About half an hour before the captain made his

his appearance to lock up the prisoners, his lady sent me down a black coat, waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, with a clean shirt and cravat, assuring me that they were the gift of a celebrated preacher of the gospel, who had a strong predilection for my country, and its pure religion. I returned my warmest gratitude by the best words I could find, in a letter, which I delivered to the messenger; then slipping on the fable apparel, walked from the hall towards the window of the captain's apartment, which overlooks the area, and there beheld her in company with the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, to whom I then knew I was indebted for the cloaths, and whose face I easily recognized, having frequently heard him preach at several places in Scotland. I made my acknowledgement by an humble bow, which they returned by a nod of approbation, and so I retired to the hall, with a degree of gratitude to that kind providence which had thus supported me under the almost intolerable

load of anguish that had some time pervaded my mind.

Several of the deserters seeing me clad in sables, and having rather a clerical appearance, swore that they had seen me exhibit in Moorfields; heard me preach in the tabernacle of Whitefield, and knew me by my coat, whilst several of them declared that I should hold forth in the yard the next day. I was far from being displeased with this declaration, and therefore promised to comply with their request, providing it was the general desire of the deserters.

In the course of the evening, after the singing men had closed their obstreperous melody, a general pause ensued, when one of the men went round the room, and commanded all present to be sworn to secrecy, as he was about to offer a proposal, which, if universally embraced and adhered to, would ensure our liberty.

This quickly drew the whole of my attention, and I listened to the scheme, after being sworn

sworn on the bible, with an eagerness not to be expressed.

Our ring-leader then thus proceeded in a cautious tone : “ Gentlemen, we are all now in the most abject slavery, and the greatest part of our sufferings yet await us. Is not liberty to be preferred to chains ? If we are all hearty in the cause, and all pant for freedom, why should we slip the opportunity of escaping to night ? But how is this to be effected ? is a question of the utmost consequence. I will point out the way, and first make the attempt to withdraw. Over this room, my friends have informed me, there is a platform, from which a descent to the adjacent alley is easy, and quite practicable to the least active of us all. I am already provided with implements to perform the task of cutting through the cieling, timber, lead, or even a brick or stone wall. The women have this day brought in iron crows, chissels, knives, hangers, and even pistols, under their petticoats and stays ; and these weapons are all ready for our imme-

diate employ. Arise in the profoundest silence, and let us no longer remain the captives of Captain J——n!"

He had scarce ended his speech, when we all, as one man, muttered applause, dressed ourselves, and prepared for action. The room was not quite in darkness, as the glimpses of the moon were presented through the adamantine bars. Our chieftain began the operation, having piled up the beds, and with the largest crow soon made an aperture over our heads. Others next ascended and enlarged it, till it was sufficiently widened to admit any one of us. Our ring-leader getting out first upon the leads, surveyed the place of descent, and called upon us all to ascend one by one as quickly as we could. I was not the last, as not the least who loved liberty; but when I looked down from the wall to the alley, the height appeared too great for a leap, and a perpendicular drop might endanger our limbs. It could not be less than eighteen feet, and that was
more

more than I durst fall, for the alley appeared to be paved with flint.

Our chieftain seemed to be affected with the same feelings, and instantly ran to the aperture, and called to them who remained below, to hand up the beds and blankets with the utmost expedition. Whilst some were tossing down the strawy couches, in order to secure us from the pavement in our fall, others were tying the blankets together, and fastening them to the joists, which we quickly laid bare for that purpose. Some jumped down with the utmost precipitation, but I chose to slide by the blankets, and reached within a few feet, when I dropped. The rest impetuously poured down, and I resolved to retire by myself as well as I could.

Just as I parted from my adventurous companions, I heard the firing of a gun, which I took to be an alarm to the soldiers in the Savoy barracks, and an intimation of our escape. This prompted me to proceed with a quicker dispatch through a variety of

little alleys, until I came to some houses that were unfinished ; in one of which I found an asylum for several hours, resting myself upon the shavings beneath a carpenter's bench, till it was broad day-light ; when, venturing to a window, I observed several sentinels upon duty, at their stations, not far from the side of the Thames.

I thought, as the day was the sabbath, that I should not be molested in my sequestered situation ; but I was mistaken, for a young gentleman, whose name I afterwards learned was Latimore, entered the building with another person, (George Garrick, the brother of the celebrated actor,) and his niece, an handsome young lady, who, coming up stairs, soon discovered me under the bench.

“ What business have you in this building ?” cried Latimore. “ I dare say,” said Mr. Garrick, “ he is one of the deserters who escaped last night from the Savoy.”

“ Very well,” exclaimed Mr. Latimore, “ if he is, he shall soon be safe enough. I will

will warn the sentinel at the steps, and so the business will be speedily settled."

So saying, he ran to the window, lifted up the sash, and was just going to give the alarm, when the lady fell into a fit, and immediately engaged the attention of both the gentlemen and myself. As soon as she was recovered, she looked with much earnestness at me, and begged the gentlemen to take the poor unfortunate fellow, (as she called me) under their protection. She expressed herself with so much tenderness and pity, that the tears gushed from my eyes in a copious stream. The gentlemen now were melted into compassion; and, in strains of commiseration, made an enquiry into my particular case, which I represented without the least disguise.

This determined the gentlemen to afford me shelter till the coast was clear. Mr. Latinore proposed to take me into his own house the very next door, but that could not be done without being in danger from the guard. "Come," cried Mr. Garrick, "your

sweet-heart and me will go round to my house, and after you have shewn the poor fellow his way to my back window, which he may reach from the roof of this building, you will come round to us and breakfast."

Mr. Latimore shewed me a long plank, and helped me to lay it over to the window of Mr. Garrick's room. I walked safely across, got in, and Mr. Latimore followed me. Mr. Garrick kindly bade me sit down and refresh myself; the lady also seemed highly delighted at my safety.

As we were at breakfast, David Garrick, Esq. the brother of my new hospitable friend, came into the parlour, and learning my distress, generously gave me two guineas to supply my present necessity. I happened to mention Lord Lyttleton, whom I had seen in Scotland, and who invited me to his house at Hagley, in order to assist his Lordship in writing notes to his history, and I believe that urged the modern Roscius to be so liberal.

I staid till the morning was advanced,
when

when Mr. Garrick ordered his man Thomas to get a coach to carry me safely out of the Savoy jurisdiction. "Do not, Sir, be ashamed of having been a prisoner in this place," said Mr. Garrick, "for here was once confined King John of France, who was brought over by the Black Prince." I took my leave of the company with all the politeness I was master of, stepped into the hackney vehicle, and so rode through the Temple-gate into the city.

I hastened away as fast as I could, after discharging the coachman in Fleet-street, and went to the Seceders meeting near Bow-lane; returned thanks to the Almighty for my great deliverance, and heard the Rev. Mr. David Wilson preach a sermon, which I could not help considering as highly suitable to my case, from the words of the prophet—
Fly to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope.

O may my soul the mercies know.
From my RESTORER sprung,
And strains of gratitude shall flow
From my inspir'd tongue.

So Jacob's sons from thrall redeem'd,
 And freed from Pharoah's rod ;
 Arose like men who lately dream'd,
 And tun'd their notes to God.

The praises of the God of grace,
 Perfum'd each mirthful mouth,
 When back he brought his chosen race,
 Like rivers in the South.

Afternoon I called at the meeting in Monkwell-street, where I heard the Rev. James Fordyce, D. D. whose subject also well accorded with my preservation from prison, and so did the hymn which he gave out, taken from Mr. Addison, in the sixth volume of the Spectator ; " When all thy mercies, O my God," &c. These served to rekindle my gratitude to the great supreme, who that day had taken *me out of the horrible pit, and from the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock.*

Next morning, I went to May Fair to see Lord Lyttleton, but found he was gone down to his country seat at Hagley in Worcestershire, an hundred and twenty miles from

from London. As I possessed cash enough at the time to carry me down, I purposed to begin my journey the next day; but my afflictions were only beginning; for notwithstanding all my caution, I was unhappy enough to meet Billy Blunderbuss the same evening at the end of a court opposite the Lord Mayor's Mansion-house.

"Glad I am," exclaimed the unfeeling kidnapper, "that I have got you again into my clutches, Mr. Sanders; for fifty pounds shall not now part us!" So saying, with dispatchful haste, he hurried me up the court, thrust me into a mean house on the left hand side; and forcing me backwards to the yard, locked me up in a nasty contracted dungeon.

I had no other thought but that he would inform the callous captain of the Savoy of my capture; but I was mistaken; for he used every argument to prevail on me to enter into the East-India company's service for five years; which, he said, as before, would save me from any punishment that might be due in consequence of desertion. I remained invulnerable

vulnerable to all his solicitations and menaces, conscious of my innocence, and far from being inclined to commence soldier.

In this situation, more intolerable than the Savoy, I was kept six days, and then carried, with others, to the water side, conducted into a boat, and so conveyed on board an East-Indiaman at Blackwall, bound for Madras.

Among the vast number of kidnapped unfortunate fellows which I found on board this vessel, was a young man whom I knew at Edinburgh, whose name was Davy Dickson, a carpenter, and a very active stout man. To him I communicated my past misfortunes; and, in return, he informed me of his, which had been at least as great. Blunderbus was himself on board, and was going out to the place of our destination to get a commission, which was to raise him emoluments in proportion to the number of men he had stolen from society and their afflicted families. Davy told me that Billy was a kind of doctor, and had invented a nostrum which bade fair to make his fortune. He
called

called it, continued Davy, an *Oriental aromatic*, which he had brought home in his first voyage, although it was composed of a few insignificant simples culled in Battersea fields by an old woman.

All the captives, I well knew, hated Blunderbuss as the infernal dæmon, and no doubt were ripe for a revolt from his tyrannical sway. We sailed from Blackwall down to Gravesend, and from thence in a few days to Sheerness, and passed round the coast as far as Deal, off which we lay at anchor several days; during which, we matured our concerted plan of regaining our liberty.

The captain and officers being one evening on shore at an entertainment, Blunderbuss was the only person on board we dreaded. As he was walking the deck, three of the stoutest captives kicked up his heels, tumbled him headlong down the hatchway, and gave signal for all the soldiers to repair upon deck. This they instantly did; and, having locked down the infamous kidnapping quack doctor, and bound the inferior officers, secur-
ed

ed the gun-room, hoisted out the long-boat, and effected a complete escape to the Kentish coast, under the covert of night.

The resolute fellows were actuated by a nice sense of honor in standing by one another; for no sooner was the first boatful landed safely, than two of us went back with the sailors to the vessel for another company, armed with small pieces; and thus they proceeded, till every man, who loved freedom rather than slavery, arrived and composed a part of the general assembly of relieved captives.

Davy Dickson and me parted from the rest, and proceeded, as we thought, towards London; but when the morning arrived, we found ourselves close by the sea side in Suffex. We resolved to rest ourselves among the reeds till the return of night, but meeting with a smuggler who proved our friend, we were informed that the alarm of our escape had spread all over the country.

He told us that he was bound for the Continent, and would give us a cast to Dunkirk,

at

at a moderate rate, where he assured us we should be safe, and might continue till the affair was forgotten. My finances were low, but my new associate in travelling had cash; so agreeing to the smuggler's proposal, we entered his vessel, and sailed safely to the port which he mentioned.

Having freed ourselves from the floating tophet, that marine mansion of misery, worse than the Egyptian house of bondage, and in which a greater tyrant than Pharoah reigned, with a despotic and even diabolical sway, we formed a resolve to traverse the country, and reach Bruffels in Flanders, where Davy had an uncle living, and following the same occupation to which he was bred.

As we were walking along the side of a large forest, we were met, stopped, robbed, and almost murdered, by a band of robbers. As soon as we were recovered enough to arise, we were pursuing our way to give the alarm at the next town, when we were both seized by the officers of justice, and charged with

with perpetrating a robbery and murder in the forest the same day.

Neither of us were able to speak the language of the land, and so could not attempt, excepting by signs, to exculpate ourselves from the enormous charge. The officers, therefore, on a violent presumption that we were the persons who had so atrociously offended, by our faces, heads and hands being bloody, immediately seized, bound us with chains, and threw us, linked together, upon a dung-hill, till they could procure horses to carry us to Brussels.

We lay thus ignominiously exposed to the scoffs of the marvelling multitude, who insulted us with words which we could only interpret by their gestures, and inimical actions. Several ladies also surrounded us in that deplorable situation; but they appeared callous, and unconcerned as to what we felt; supposing, no doubt, that we were certainly guilty of the horrible crimes alledged against us.

As soon as horses were procured, we were
lifted

lifted up, unyoked, and each set upon a beast, with our legs tied down to the belly by a rope which fastened both together. As we rode on, the multitude greatly increased, and had not the officers interposed, we should have been almost torn to pieces.

At length the slow cavalcade reached the town, and the streets were filled with wondering spectators, all unanimous in pouring contempt on our persons, and testifying their detestation of our supposed crimes, with an acrimony and rancor not in my power to describe.

We were conducted to the gates of a capacious hall, and there threw down together, to wait the leisure of the magistrate. Nothing but the consciousness of my being under the immediate inspection of the Supreme Almighty Lord of Justice, who will suffer no wrong to pass in his creation for ever, and a due sense of my own integrity as upheld by his hand, could have supported me in that dreadful hour of unparelled woe! But God's ways are not as our ways. I
calmly

calmly concluded that this calamity was come upon me for my good ; perhaps to remove some latent pride from my heart, eradicate some lurking besetting sin, or to bestow greater vigor on some feeble virtue, which would at length arise superior to every opposition, and prove like a spark of fire preserved in the ocean, till it dried up the great deep of corruption.

I strove all in my power to console my fellow sufferer, who seemed abundantly more terrified than myself ; but my endeavors had but little effect : he burst into tears, and cried vehemently, till I also was almost unmanned, and was beginning to distrust the care of providence, which I had so often recently experienced. But shall not the Judge of all the earth do what is right ?

At length the magistrate came to the hall, and ordered the officers to conduct us in. Finding that we were foreigners, he caused an interpreter to be procured ; and who should the identical person prove to be, but the

the uncle of Davy Dickson, my companion in tribulation !

I am certain the Lord Mayor of London, at the revolution in the last century, was not more amazed (although more fatally affected) by the sudden sight of Lord Chancellor Jefferies, when brought before him in the habit of a sailor from Wapping, than the uncle was at the unexpected appearance of his nephew in such a shocking situation. The magistrate enquired the cause of the sudden emotion in his mind, (as I afterwards was informed) and being told, discovered much sympathy and commiseration on the occasion.

I told my story to our sworn interpreter with the utmost simplicity, and shewed the magistrate the wounds on my head and hands which I had received, in defending myself against the banditti who assailed and robbed us ; and to add the greater weight to my words, I turned out all my pockets, and demonstrated, that I was pennyless. I urged too, as an argument of our innocence, that

we

we made no resistance when apprehended, and never offered to elude an investigation of our conduct by flight; besides, we had no arms, or offensive weapons found upon us. My fellow sufferer spoke to the same purport, and added, that our being found in a quick approach to the town, in which we proposed to give the alarm of our misfortunes, and still on the high road, which we must have expected to have been more populous, as we drew nearer Brussels, were evident tokens of our innocence and conscious integrity.

The magistrate observed, after he had heard the officers and us, that a murder had actually been committed on the body of a man who certainly had also been robbed; that the circumstances of finding us almost on the spot, and our faces and hands being smeared with blood, were too strong to be passed over without a strong suspicion of guilt. He said, that he was not the ultimate judge in the case; and that, as a person of humanity, he pitied the prisoners, because
there.

there was a possibility of their being innocent, and unfortunate; but that as a magistrate, he was bound to commit them close prisoners, to await the decision of the Prince of Lorain, from whose sentence there was no appeal, and whose humanity and justice were too well known to need any eulogium from him.

Our commitment being made out, signed and sealed, we were borne away to the town gaol, and thrown into a noisome dungeon, chained to a large stone, denied the use of writing, refused the company of my companion's friend, and in every respect rendered as miserable as the mind of one of the greatest misanthropist could possibly suggest. Our allowance was the poor scanty pittance of a pound of coarse bread *per diem* each, and a little mean pottage. We lay upon dirty straw, and our chains just allowed us room to reach the window; from whence we beheld a very populous market, but were too high to tell our complaints, or receive the least assistance of the humane. In vain did
the

the uncle of Davy Dickson remonstrate with the unfeeling keeper; his heart was completely steeled against every sensation of pity, and rendered as incapable of deploring our misery, as the feared soul of the Savoy Captain, or even of Satan himself, who delights in tormenting his unhappy captives!

The unfeeling fellow observing Dickson had taken a bit of chalk from the wall, and was amusing himself and me amidst our melancholy, by drawing sketches upon the floor, asked him by whose authority he thus acted? and so saying, snatched the chalk, despoiled the delineations with a whisp of straw, which he moistened in our broth, and locked a pair of hand-cuffs upon his wrists, to prevent his innocent diversion for the future, and prove a serious admonition to me.

Our lives were as much embittered as if we had been in Bunyan's doubting castle, under the dominion of Giant Despair, as influenced by Diffidence, his hopeless spouse. Our gaoler, day by day, urged us to confess our crimes, and [so prevent the tortures which
would

would soon be administered to us. He told us that new evidence had come to light against us : that the magistrate no longer hesitated in his mind relative to our guilt, and that death was the only deliverance we could expect from our misery.

The chief happiness of this inhuman keeper, consisted in exulting over his fallen fellow creatures. An execution, or exhibition of torture, in any species of it, was a sumptuous feast to this wretch, who, having already made an ample fortune by fraud and oppression, had laid aside even covetousness itself, to be satisfied with a more luxurient pleasure.

We remained under the unmerciful dominion of this misanthropist a full month, even until our bodies were emaciated, and our souls almost totally sunk within us. But I will not dwell minutely on our unheard-of sufferings. I observe, you are both already much affected with my tale, and shall now cast a shade over the picture.—The day of our deliverance (the decreed day of redemption)

tion) dawned at last. Justice, who walks with leaden heels, has sure steps. The guilty were at length discovered, apprehended, and confessed the murder and robbery, for which we were suffering. I knew them, and so did Dickson, the instant they were brought across the market, amidst the shouts of hundreds, who unanimously, on their confessing the crime before a magistrate, came before our window and shouted for joy at the happy prospect of our restoration.

When the imperious keeper next entered our gloomy mansion, he was obliged to tell us what had happened, and hoped we would report him favourably to the Prince, when we should appear before him to be discharged. This he said in the presence of Dickson's uncle, who attended him, and whom, he said, he would suffer to visit us as often as we pleased, provided we would promise to forgive his harsh usage, and make a favourable report to the judge, as his place and character much depended upon it.

We were now visited by the friends of
Dickson

Dickson, and wanted nothing that we could desire, except freedom from captivity. Mean while our chains were knocked off, and we had the opportunity of walking over the whole prison, and saw the real robbers and murderers, who had also maltreated and plundered us. As they knew that their deaths were certain, and execution sudden, they were too serious to disguise their sentiments, and we did not desire to add affliction to the miserable, or disturb them in their reflections on their wicked lives; but pointed them out, as well as we could be understood, to that benign Being above, who is also intimate with all actions below, in whom compassion ever dwells, and whose tender mercies are over all his works.

We remained a week longer, and then were discharged by the prince in person, who expressed his sorrow for our having been so long imprisoned, although innocent men. The croud on the occasion was incredible, and were ready to devour us with kindness, expressing their unbounded hilarity by

loud acclamations all the way we went, and swarmed around the house of our friend, continuing the expressions of their joy for several hours. I would only just mention in this place, that when the prince asked us how we had been treated during our imprisonment, we mutually replied, through our interpreter, who also corroborated our charge, that we had suffered every torture that the malice of man could invent, as far as chains, want, menaces, and ill counsel could reach. We explained at large—the Prince grew enraged—and the unnatural monster was actually suspended. Of this I was exceeding glad for the sake of the murderers, who could but ill have made preparation for death under his hands; and I am certain that no man upon earth, the captain of the Savoy barely excepted—no angel who ever waged war in heaven, and now inhabits the infernal flames, could, if appointed in his stead, have proved more diabolically unfeeling, or unrelenting!

To shorten my narrative of this country.

We

We resided with our friend, the carpenter, until we could gain a passport from the British consul residing there. Davy had no desire to remain, and his uncle made him an handsome present in money to carry him back to Britain. Well aware that I was destitute of every necessary, the good mechanic stripped me of my sable garments given me by Mrs. J——n of the Savoy, put a good suit on my back, and ten pieces of gold coin into my pocket. We set out for the next sea-port to the south; got a passage on board a vessel bound for Ireland; which touching at Plymouth in the way, we regained the coast of what I called my native country.

Dreadless of any danger arising from the captain of the Savoy, or Blunderbuss, in a place so remote from London, I formed a resolution to make the best of my way to Worcestershire across the country. The journey was long; the roads were but indifferent, but the company of Davy rendered the whole agreeable. It was now the delightful season of autumn; the apples and pears were pen-

dant on the overloaded boughs, and yielded us a pleasing repast through Devonshire; but more so in the next county, Somerset, in which nature, with a prodigal hand, has heaped plenty of the delicious fruits.

Here hill rises above hill, and mountain above mountain. Here the works of nature spontaneously are exhibited along the dales; yet art and industry are needful to mature the glebe, and fertilize the field. Why should the natives of England strive to explore the remote regions of the earth, and carry their arts abroad to a new world, whilst they are so much wanted at home? Were Britain but properly improved, emigration would become needless, as there is a peculiar sweetness in our native soil, which few, but from necessity, are ever prevailed upon to forsake. Improve Britain around her bounteous borders, and cultivate all her waste land, and millions may be added to the number of her inhabitants. Then will every man, even the humblest hind, be happy under his own vine or fig-tree; making the whole

whole land like the garden of God, or a fragrant field which the Lord has blessed.

I left my companion, Davy Dickson, in Somersetshire, as he wanted to see Bristol, and crossed the country several days till I arrived at Hagley. I was here informed that my Lord Lyttleton was just returned to London, having set out the same morning. I entertained but a bad opinion of the metropolis ; but I was obliged to venture up, especially as my finances were become low, notwithstanding all my œconomy on the road from Plymouth.

I therefore left that delightful seat of the muses, walked through Birmingham, Coventry, Daventry, Stratford, and this town of St. Alban's, and so arrived in three days at the place of my first misfortunes.

Without the least delay, I waited upon my Lord, at his house in May Fair ; was well received, and almost instantly employed in writing notes for his second edition of Henry the Second ; the first having been totally discarded by his Lordship, on account

of a multiplicity of errors, which he desired me to correct, whilst I also mended the punctuation.

His Lordship having procured me a reading ticket for the British Museum, in Great Ruffel-street, near the Duke of Bedford's house in Bloomsbury-square, I was admitted into that curious repository, where I had the inspection of all the ancient manuscripts which could tend to elucidate the work of my noble patron; and in the selection of these I was much beholden to my friend, Dr. Solander, and also Dr. Andrew Gifford, an Anabaptist divine, whom I discovered to be a very good antiquarian.

Here I grew acquainted with several of the *Literati*. I assisted Dr. Goldsmith in writing the *Chinese Spy*; or *Citizen of the World*; and also helped him forward with his comedy called the *Good-natured Man*; and indeed the scene of the *bailiffs* was all my own. This introduced me to Hugh Kelly, the editor of the Public Ledger in those days, but I had no hand in his sentimental comedy, nor his

Word

Word to the Wise, although I helped him on in the eighty numbers of his *Egotist*, published weekly in his paper.

During my residence at the Museum, I occasionally assisted Dr. Gifford in attending the company, and one day I actually went round with the Savoy captain, his lady, and Blunderbuss, without being recognized as their captive; for I made now the appearance of a gentleman of Oxford university, and had much mended my accent since I left the bridge of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

Blunderbuss took several opportunities to mention his travels in India; his discovery of the *oriental vegetable*, and attempted to throw out some technical phrases of physic, which I was certain he understood no more than Hebrew; for the Yorkshire provincial dialect, in its utmost impurity, was all the language in the world that he knew any thing of.

During my vacancy from study in this place, I kept company with several famous critics and clergymen, at Harrison's, Three Kings,

near Bloomsbury; and also the Turk's Head in King-street. One of these divines was a gentleman to whose advice and assistance I owed much in writing the notes. He had been in South Carolina, North America, where he was obliged to retire on account of an unhappy marriage with the only daughter of a Northern Baronet, whom, being obliged to abandon on the birth of her first child, had cast the most bitter ingredients into his cup for many years. - But I perceive, young gentleman, that your mind is much engaged with something, I fancy, foreign to my story; but I beg you would both be attentive to what remains yet unrecited.

Having finished my business with my noble patron, he paid me *three hundred pounds* for my trouble. This set me up in an eligible line of life; but the money soon wasted away, and I was forced to importune his aid a second time without success. I applied to another of the *literati*, and referred him to my Lord for a character, but he also disappointed me. I was in real want, and to beg I was
rather

rather ashamed. A society of cabinet-makers, finding their trade much injured by the importation of goods ready fabricated, and almost finished, called upon my help to draw up a petition to parliament in their favor. I drew up the paper, promised to see it delivered, and received ten guineas for my trouble; but I forgot to carry it to my friend, the member, and the poor mechanics were disappointed.

Next I commenced *Letter-writer* in the Morning Chronicle, which came out originally in the summer of 1769, and gained no small credit with the public, and favor with the editor, till the little smirking critics of the day, those sons of Longinus in London, levelled all my letters as low as Grub-street.

This certainly was most mortifying to a man of my feeling. One of them, however, disappeared suddenly from the scene. He had been employed by Woodfall to translate a French Novel, and received twenty-five guineas for so doing. He was my own countryman, and had not been much used to mo-

ney. He had the art of getting but not of keeping; and so having squandered away all the produce of his translation, he chose for his example a certain privy council gentleman of the Jewish race—I mean Achitophal; and was found by the basin of water in Hyde-park as dead as *Duns Scotus*.

In the time of my utmost extremity, a ray of consolation was darted into my soul, by a young fellow who was about to attempt an *Attic Evening Entertainment*, at Foot's Theatre Royal in the Hay-market. He applied to me for assistance in composing his lecture, and procuring the house. I waited upon Mr. Foote at his house in Suffolk-street, opened my business, obtained a grant of the theatre for ten guineas, and had the honor to wait on Mr. Jewell, the treasurer, in order to obtain his sanction, and settle the time of performance.

The day was fixed for the first day of the present year. Bills had been posted up in all the streets. Tickets were delivered by me to my friends, and I was sure to be no loser,
having

having not laid out a single six-pence from the formation of the plan, to its final consummation.

I afterwards repented that I had not apprised my friend, David Garrick, Esq. of our design; for if I had done so, he would not have acted the same evening at his own house. But, alas! he drew all the company to Drury-lane, and the poor fellow, who personated a quaker, was forced to withdraw with fear and trembling.

Several of the literati were in the pit and boxes; and amongst them, Mr. Walpole, the author of *Historic Doubts*, Dr. Cheney, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Sheridan, whose lecture on elocution the quaker strove to imitate, and others of equal, as well as less note, in literature.

The quaker began pretty well, and read the morning hymn of our first parents in Paradise, with great propriety. The house was quite thin, and could not pay half, perhaps hardly a quarter of the expence of rent, lights, music, &c. On account of which, the performer appeared disconcerted, read
the

the speech of *Belial* badly, and *Moloch's* much worse. In the hymn of Mr. Addison, (I mean his nineteenth psalm in the *Spectator*,) he turned the sun into the moon, and cut the moon into stars, before he could recover himself. This drew upon his devoted head, the hisses, groans, and howlings of the little house, and so he was forced to quit the stage with the utmost precipitation.

The company being divided, some clapped, and called him back. With much reluctance he returned, read part of *Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs*, and was himself almost interred by the throwing of apples, oranges, candles, benches chandeliers, and every offensive, portable and projectionable weapon, that the impatient people in the galleries could reach.

Some of the ringleaders in the general affray threatened instant destruction to the house, if the quaker did not immediately resume his appearance, and apologize for his rashness, in having thus called the auditory together, and then put an empty spoon into
their

their mouths. He was again forced forward by the treasurer. He spoke a prologue of his own writing, and assured the house that he was performing for the benefit of *a family in distress*.

The honourable Mr. Walpole now took the lead in the pit, of the conversation with the d——d quaker, and obliged him to own that Dr. Sanders was the person, for whose family the entertainment was presented.

“Who the devil is this Dr. Sanders?” cried Mr. Walpole, in a violent rage. Lord Lyttleton, who was by his side, saved the abashed trembler the trouble of answering; and a gentleman, with a stentorian voice, roared through the house, just as my late noble patron had done speaking, “Dr. Sanders is the author of the *North Britain*, No. Fifty and Fifty-one; the corrector of *Lord Lyttleton’s History of Henry the Second*, and the writer of the celebrated Letters signed *Junius*! This threw the house into a loud roar; but though it was sport to them, it was death to me! The quaker was suffered to proceed in his lecture,

lecture, and leave was granted to Mr. Michael White, my worthy good landlord, at the Turk's Head, to make his first appearance on the stage that evening, when he repeated some lines from *Ovid's Art of Love* so well, that he received the shouts of the audience.

I had sold the tickets, spent the money, and could pay nothing towards defraying the expences of the house. The quaker, as he called himself, now grew enraged, and wrote several letters to ridicule me, under the simple signature of *The Shoe-black of Soho*, which appeared in the Morning Chronicle the present summer. These letters drew over several powerful auxiliaries to his side; insomuch that I had to combat against Kenrick, Kelly, Lord Lyttleton, and a variety of others, whose shafts of ridicule seemed far from being yet exhausted.

But this eternal blazon of my character bettered my fortune in the long run; for several of the Booksellers of Paternoster-Row, in commiseration of all my calamities,
both

both public and private, were kind enough to employ me in certain compilations, in which I was entirely to be excluded of the honor attending my works, in consideration of the emolument of *half a guinea a week*, which they punctually paid me during the time I was engaged in the compilation of *Southwell's Bible*, *Hurd's Religious Ceremonies*, &c.

At the instance of a comical Bibliopolium, under Shakespear's Head, I engaged to write notes on the whole bible in two large folio volumes, including the text. But my name, though onamented with the title of doctor; was many degrees beneath the aim of my employer: he therefore, pitched upon a clergyman in the country, a doctor, who never once attempted to write a single sermon in his life, and who knew little of either text or commentary. He was invited to town. He came, and received an hundred pounds for the sanction of his name, and was kindly entertained by the bookseller at supper one evening, whilst I was left to walk
in

in the shop for several hours, to keep my feet from freezing. At length, down came the learned divine, with a boldness which even St. Paul would not have assumed; and looking me in the face with a supercilious air, asked the bookseller what queer bible-faced fellow I was?

“Hush!” whispered the bookseller, “he is the person who is to write Southwell’s Bible; and I assure you, doctor, that he is equal to the task.” “I am heartily glad to hear that,” exclaimed Dr. Southwell; “for if he knows no more of divinity than I do, he might leave off writing, and sell his name to a bookseller, as I do mine. What is the man’s name?” continued Southwell: “is he a doctor?” “He is,” replied the bookseller, “and his name is Sanders: he has wrote several good things already for me, which are honored with other great names.” “O, very well!” retorted the nominal author of my Commentary—Here, “Mr. Sanders, take *this shilling*, drink my health, and success to the next undertaking!” *Necessity, and not my will,*
consented,

consented, as the meagre apothecary in Romeo and Juliet says; but although I have began the bible, I believe I shall never get to the end of the Revelations*.

After this, I grew acquainted with doctor Pedigree of Northumberland, at the mansion of his Grace the Duke of ———, where, helping him to arrange the family archives, I became an adept in heraldry, &c. which proved serviceable enough when I assisted the reverend compiler of that science†, and wrote his sermons at the same time, to be preached at the chapel royal in St. James's.

* Mr. Sanders has long since completed the commentary which has the name of Southwell prefixed to it; and having met the public approbation, has gone through several editions.

† Mr. Jacob, who wrote the British Heraldry.

B O O K VIII.

THE story of Doctor Sanders was considerably longer than I expected; but Herries and me both agreed, that instead of being impertinent or tedious, it was highly curious and interesting. I observed his wife shed tears at the recital of some parts of his tale; and I did not wonder at her sympathy for her husband, when we, who were strangers, could not help discovering signs of deep commiseration.

Before we parted that evening, we persuaded the Doctor to defer his Caledonian expedition, and return with us to the metropolis, promising to make it worth his while

to attend us, if things accorded to our expectation.

The Doctor consented, and we hired a chaise to carry him, his wife, and two daughters, both children, to London, accompanying them ourselves on horseback. We set off from St. Alban's early in the morning, and had the whole day before us, to survey the great city on its first rise to our view, and take a walk in its streets before we sat down in the inn where we put up, which was the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad-lane.

The next day I attended Mr. Herries on a visit to the reverend Dr. Fordyce, and heard that favourite preacher at his chapel in Monkwell-street. I cannot say, for my own part, that I was much charmed with his manner of delivery, as he affects a stiffness in his language, and discovers a harshness in pronunciation, far from being agreeable. The doctor had notes before him; but in attempting to despise them, he often loses himself for a time, too long not to be painful. It is much better for an orator to use his notes throughout,

throughout, or reject them altogether. However, what was wanting in elocution, he amply made up in sentiment. He was then going through a course of sermons to young men; and his address at the time, when I heard him, was pertinent and pathetic.

I discovered too, that the doctor was become a half convert to Arianism: or, what the modern moderate men call a *good-humoured Calvinist, or Predestinarian*.—I cannot approve this crouching disposition; and I think it argues a pusillanimous temper of mind. Such a minister of religion will never die a martyr. Gibbets, stakes, the fire, the axe, the sword, he accounts as stubble; and, like the great Leviathan, he can laugh at the shaking of the spear, and smell the battle, the inquisition, the tortures afar off, and without dismay. Had Providence cast such a man's lot in a Mahometan land, he would have adhered to the *Alcoran*, according to the custom of the country. If in Rome, he would have done there, what other ecclesiastics do daily. Such a man, like the Vicar of
Bray,

Bray, of versatile memory, is resolved still to be vicar, amidst all the changes and chances in this world.

If Calvinism is right, why not maintain its doctrines with unshaken resolves? If wrong, why not renounce its tenets altogether? A lukewarm Laodecean spirit is horridly hateful; and a man had better have no zeal at all, than be but half—almost—not altogether, persuaded!

Herries having preached for the doctor in the afternoon, seemed much to attract the attention of the congregation. He proposed to deliver his Course of Lectures; and by the favor of friends, procured Essex-house, in a street near the Strand, for that purpose. Mean while I called at the house of the noble Duke, to see Dr. Pedigree, but found he was attending his patron in an excursion to the country, where he was expected to stay several weeks. I called also at the house of my noble friend, Lord Lyttleton, hoping to meet him, after a long separation; but his Lordship being retired to Worcestershire, I

was

was under the necessity of waiting his return to town, which was to be, as I was told, within a week or a fortnight.

Mr. Herries read his lectures with considerable success at Essex-house; and also procured Plaisterer's-hall, in Addle-street, to accommodate his friends of the city, who were grown numerous and hearty in affording every encouragement in their power to bestow, or that their favourite preacher could expect. The winter evening lecture at the Old Jewry had been long discontinued.—None since the days of Foster, the famous Arian or Socinian orator, (for it was rather a doubt amongst his followers, of which species he really was) had met any tolerable success in that place.

Elocution, at this period, was at its lowest ebb among the English presbyterians in London. Fordyce had made some efforts to rekindle the flame, which, before his approach from the north, had well nigh been totally extinguished among that denomination of dissenters, and methodism fast creeping into the church,

church, eclipsed many preachers, who had been much admired till this time. This, therefore, proved a happy opportunity for my friend, who found warm patrons among his own countrymen, and the natives. His energetic language, fine flow of fancy, tenacious memory ; and, above all, his powerful feelings, fired the crowd ; and the meeting, every Sunday evening, was filled before the doors had been opened half an hour.

Mr. Herries was fond of theatrical entertainments, to a degree, perhaps, rather culpable ; but it was chiefly to hear Mr. Garrick, and others eminent in eloquence, that he attended. I accompanied him several times at the disputing clubs, but seldom heard any thing to the purpose spoken in such places. It appeared evident, that the greater part of the disputants were a company of smatterers, combined to suffer nobody but themselves to speak on the question. A set of little-learned smirks of the town, who neglected their business behind the counters, or in the accompting-houses, to display a vain volubility

bility of speech, and their own consummate ignorance.

It was entertaining enough, however, to hear the obstreperous jargon of the young fellows, thus setting up as candidates for fame. The apprentice of a pewterer in Southwark, who had learned to read in the blue-coat-school, got the better, in the argument upon transubstantiation, of a Jesuite in disguise, whose sentiments were drowned by the clamor of hear ! hear ! hear him ! Another evening a barber of the same borough, brought on a question relative to the antiquity of wigs, when he proved, in the same mode of argumentation, that the first artificial covering of the human head, was in the age of David King of Israel, which was worn by his son Solomon, immediately after the fatal death of his brother Absalom, whose long natural hair proved his ruin, when he was caught suspended by it in the forest. This orator informed the company that he had chosen the representation of that catastrophe

catastrophe for his sign, on which he had caused this inscription to be written :

How melancholy is thy fate,
 O Absalom my son ;
 Had a huge wig adorn'd thy pate,
 Would'st thou have been undone ?

A grocer of Blowbladder-street, the same evening, introduced, in the course of the wig debate, his conjecture relative to *Stonehenge* on Salisbury plain ; for it was no matter what was brought forward, if it was *clever* and created noise. This caused many *learned* arguments, and afforded much *fun* ; for the grocer's opinion appeared the best, and met the general suffrages of the club ; and it was this : When Noah, with his family, and all kind of *terra firma* creatures, were sailing in the ark on the surface of the mighty water, he had occasion to throw out ballast as he passed over the plain, in order to lighten the vessel, and that falling down in a kind of eddy, settled, at the bottom, in the order which we now behold them.

But these were scenes too silly and insignificant for my friend and me to be fond of,

till under a better regulation, and conducted with decorum and decency. Dr. Sanders, however, seldom failed to compose one of the club; and at length, by virtue of his abilities, candor, and keen wit, was elected president. We fulfilled our promise to this pretender to literature by procuring him employment again in Paternoster-Row, from the same bookseller whom he had abandoned. As he said he was intimate with Dr. Pedigree, I thought he might be serviceable in my business with him, which chiefly had drawn me to London; but both these doctors sadly deceived me in the end, and I could never once, notwithstanding every rational endeavor, obtain a sight of the latter for upwards of two years. I wrote to him, but received no answer. I called at the gate of the great house—he was not at home—he was gone a long journey—to Wales—Shropshire—Ireland—Northumberland!

About this time, Mr. Herries grew so closely connected with the dissenters, (though I knew he wanted church preferment, and had

had a golden deanry in his eye, and a bishopric in his belly) that our intimacy broke off; and I seldom ever saw him, except in the pulpit, or his places of public oratory, after his popularity was confirmed.

My original patron and humane friend, Lord Lyttleton, seemed also to have quite deserted me; for I called at his Lordship's house in Curzon-street, May-Fair, so frequently, without having the happiness to see him, that I at length despaired of his future support. I wrote a letter to his Lordship, urging him to inform me, if in his power, where my parents were to be found; at the same time putting him in mind of the living which he had frequently promised to present me, when fit for ordination. His Lordship was not pleased to reply, and I abandoned all hopes of arriving at the summit of my wishes, by any help from that quarter, to which I had been taught to look up from my infancy.

I had learned since I arrived in London, that my old friend at Hagley, my Lord's

steward, was dead, as well as several of my friends in Worcestershire. This intelligence was communicated to me by Mr. Hall, the butler, who also assured me, that his Lord was quite an altered person, having met many disappointments at court; having all along the political war adhered to his relation the Earl of Chatham, and opposed the measures of the ministry. That his Lordship had been but unhappy in his family; not to mention the affair of my lady, from whom he had long been separated, his son and heir, although a bright genius, and excellent scholar, was not wise enough to follow his father's steps, or tread in the paths of virtue.

I had not now left a single firm friend, on whose support or advice I could depend; even Kenneth Cockburn was gone to sea, on a voyage to the West Indies. I am now arrived on the borders of the county which gave me birth, and have all along my life been called *the Kentish Curate*; yet where are my parents who abandoned me in my infancy? Where is the living which I have long looked for.

forward to? What! shall I then repine, and resolve no more to confide on my HEAVENLY FATHER, on whose care I was cast from the womb, and whose tender mercy has met me every moment of my existence? Shall I despair of being fed and clothed, with food convenient, and decent attire, when I behold the birds of the air, and the lilies of the valley sustained and adorned by his bountiful hand?

Though I have not mentioned the virtuous maiden, Miss Maria Bradley, since my arrival in London, yet let not the reader suppose that I have forgotten the fair one, or grown less warm in my firm affection, which neither time nor situation, can ever alter. I have on purpose been silent so long, that the theme may be the more pleasing, when I enter upon it with new delight.

When I arrived, I found the father of Maria was dangerously ill, under the care of Dr. Fothergill and his daughter. It was quite impracticable for me to see the fair one at the house, and I called several times at the

quaker's meeting in White-Hart-court, Gracechurch-street, without having the happiness of beholding her. This obliged me to address her in an epistle, which I put into the hands of her maid, Martha, who assured me that she would give it to her young mistress.

Her father recovering, Maria again found time to attend the meeting. I had the inexpressible pleasure to see her there amidst the sisters. I knew her at the first sight, and she discovered evident signs that she knew me, though the revolution of years must have made a considerable change in us both, as being now grown up to full maturity.

After meeting, I snatched her hand in the court, and prevailed upon her to walk with me into Lombard-street, where we had leisure to make the appointment of our next meeting, at Enfield, in Middlesex, where her father was retired for the benefit of his health, having a rural mansion pleasantly situated there. Our conversation was quit transient, at that time; and I do not mean to trouble

trouble the reader with what particularly passed between us, or to record our mutual solemn protestations of inviolable attachment to each other. I rather choose to leave room for the imagination to operate, and fill up the chasm which I have left for that purpose.

I would not point out Maria as a prodigy. Let those who deal in romance and unnatural rant, deck up their mistresses as goddesses. Mine was a mortal, beautiful, but not without some blemishes. She is not one of those striking beauties who captivate in an instant all their beholders, or dazzle the eye with the lustre of external charms; neither is she one of those perfectly refined and sentimental characters, who soar above the foibles of human nature.

Maria, without pretending to too much delicacy of sentiment, or brilliancy of wit, has a heart susceptible of the tenderest emotions. She has fine natural talents, and being sensible of them, has not neglected their cultivation. A man may approach her without being immediately impressed, but he cannot leave her

without feeling what language cannot utter. Her comely looks promise a calm and gentle soul, and they are not deceiving. Her understanding is agreeable, and sufficient for her sex. She is solid, without being profound; serious, without being melancholy, neat in dress without affectation. She is mistress in the art of pleasing, yet does not study it, for it is the gift of nature. In her, simplicity is united with elegance; she improves by that which would impair others, and what she gains, she never loses.

All the learning that Maria has acquired is peculiarly adapted to her sex, and calculated for domestic happiness. Her prudence and discretion are apparent in every action of her life. Extravagance, waste, and dissipation, are terms which she is unacquainted with; but œconomy, decency, cheerfulness, and her perpetual pine-lasting joy, compose her very being. Not all the charms of goddesses created by the poet's fancy, or the painter's pencil, nor all the blended beauties which embellish the page of fiction—

So

So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mix'd with love.

MILTON.

I happened to mention to Dr. Sanders, that I had been at Enfield. I found he knew Mr. Bradley and Maria, and was also acquainted with a lady, famed for learning, who lived in the same parish; was an accomplished coquet, and was likely to miss her market with all her money and refined manners. He informed me that the lady held what the learned call an *Ovation*, not unlike that described in *Hudibras*; a feast of good fresh new-laid eggs, and certain appendages. He told me, if I would agree to make one of the company, he would give me a ticket of admission; but I must promise to regulate my behavior by his future instructions. "Come," exclaimed the Doctor, "I know you will not need much persuasion; for the young quaker lady will be there, although she seldom ever indulges such visits." I told him he might depend on my company, if every circumstance correspond with my expectation.

The doctor next asked me, "if I would undertake a job in the literary line?" "Yes," I replied, "providing it falls within the sphere of my poor abilities." "I think it does, Sir," said the doctor; "it is only to write a tragedy for a lady of quality in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who also is an intimate of Miss Skinner, the literary lady of Enfield highway. She is a lady of an ample fortune, does not value a little money," continued Dr. Sanders. "All the emolument arising from the third, sixth and ninth nights, will be your's; honor, literary fame, is all this female philosopher desires, and you may have an hundred, to hance your pen in London, advanced, before you begin the first act."

This information warmed my heart with a glow of gladness, and my low finances forced me to undertake the task rather rashly; for I had not enquired what subject my unknown patroness was pleased to propose. However, the doctor assured me that I should have the pleasure of talking to her at the ovation.

On

On the evening appointed, I attended Sanders in the stage to the house of Miss Skinner, entered the capacious room before it was half filled, and beheld Maria, with her decent becoming dress, in the company of a female friend, and her maid Martha. The music soon began, and a new song, set to music by Dr. Arne, was sung by a young lady, whose voice was melodious and pleasing.

The literary lady now made her appearance in a superb dress; and having bowed round to the company, ascended a few steps to a throne erected in the centre of a large circle, about ten feet in diameter; from the circumference of which were spokes which met in the throne, each wide enough for the lady to tread upon. This horizontal wheel, performed its revolution full three feet from the floor, and moved, or stood still, at discretion. During the music, the queen of the ovation kept her seat in the centre, holding a basket, or rather the *cornucopia* in her lap, and preparing the repast. When the music ceased, she delivered an oration, all her own, to the auditory;

auditory ; at the close of which she met the general applause, and then came forward on the narrow path, to the extremity, with the basket ; and, causing the wheel revolve, bestowed her bounty of eggs, bread and cheese, tarts, &c. indiscriminately on all around.

The company in general received the donation with so great avidity, and devoured the viands with so much zeal, that Dr. Sanders repeated the following lines of Butler, addressing the throne :

—Only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd OVATION :
For as ovation was allow'd
For vict'ry gotten without blood ;
So we decree these lesser shows
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome.—
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal ;
Enabling them with store of meat,
On controverted points to treat ;

And

And cram'd them till their guts did ake,
With caudle, custard, and plumb-cake.

The doctor was going to proceed, when a young mad-cap, from the other side of the room, threw an egg at a venture, and hit him exactly on the extremity of the gnomon; and before he could turn himself round, another (quite soft) hit him over the eye, which made him skip to the corner, and also over a part of his humorous author, and came to —

Have they ——— ? At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye ;
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime, his beard ;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd to view.

The apt application of these lines to his own case, raised a tumult of applause, which ceased not till drowned by the music.

After this part of the performance, Miss Skinner again walked to the circumference, and with a prodigal hand, heaped her favors
once

once more on the company. I observed her well as she performed this revolution, and impressed a description of her person and dress on my imagination, which will not easily be obliterated.

This lady, about forty-five, is of a meagre complexion, tall, thin, broad-faced, wide-mouthed, flat-breasted; has red scalding eyes, and is dressed to the very summit of the fashion.

“She has had many good offers in her life,” said Dr. Sanders, in a low whisper; “but she rejected them all. Indeed,” continued the Caledonian, “I had rather a hundred times have a simple girl, meanly educated, than a learned and witty lady, like Miss Skinner, who should come into my family, to erect a literary tribunal, of which herself should be president. A witty wife is a scourge to her husband, her children, her friends, her servants, and to all the world. Her sublime elevation of genius makes her despise all the duties of a wife; and she always affects to display the sense and know-
ledge

ledge of a man. Abroad she is always ridiculous, and justly censured, because it is impossible to avoid ridicule and censure, when we start from our condition, and are not formed for that which we assume. These women of genius never impose upon any but fools. Every learned lady would remain a virgin for life, if there were none but sensible men in the world."

I asked the doctor, "what profession she followed?" "She is a high church woman," quoth my friend, "and was once well nigh married to the minister of the parish." "I mean what temporal employ she has been engaged in through life?" said I.—"Hush!" answered Sanders, "she has been governess of a boarding-school for almost thirty years.—The lady," continued he, "has much time on her hands, and almost every hour of it is devoted to pride and coquetry, with studying the means to torment her numerous suitors. In her early days she acquired a considerable share of pedantic learning, and has long been called, by way of eminence, the literary lady.

But

But her external part appears most ornamented. Observe her extreme high head-dress, mark well its surprising elevation. None of her proudest coteremporaries dare soar so sublime.

“ Indeed so singularly elegant is the taste of this governess, that all the ladies of the villages in the vicinity in vain attempt to imitate her Hyperian curls and wanton ringlets. When she attends the young ladies to church on Sunday, the whole congregation are planet struck, whilst the parson and clerk appear petrified; and, but for the roving of their eyes, would be esteemed statues.

“ The clerk, on beholding her magnificence, the first time, freely confessed, that he had never read of such a form in Ovid’s *Metamorphosis*. The curate exclaimed, the lady bears the garden of Babylon on her head!—Our general mother in Paradise never wore so much hair, at least before she tasted the forbidden fruit! Her locks, on which were a man to commit a rape, could spare more, that
would

would not be missed, than the annual pollings of Absalom, which weighed no less than two hundred shekels, after the king's weight !

The hall door way, originally seven feet and an half in height, has lately been augmented in elevation half a yard, whilst the driver of the stage to Gracechurch-street has been obliged to lower the bottom, and raise the top of his leathern conveniency, for the sole accomodation of this lady. Happy for Jehu it is, that the vast *hoop* of our ancestors has been discarded, else he would have been under the necessity of having built a new machine, different from all that ever appeared about London.

Here the Doctor spoke rather too loud, and drew the attention of the lady, who had resumed the throne. " I am afraid," exclaimed she, " that this evening we have admitted improper persons. But this being our more public jubilee, I am the less concerned about strangers."

The

The lady so saying, cast her eye upon me, caused the wheel to cease its motion, and asked me, in a tender accent, "If I was made free of the machine." At that instant the whole company, Maria, her friend, and maid, Dr. Sanders and myself only excepted, arose upon the wheel, sat down on its extremity, or along the lines tending to the centre: the music again struck up, and the machine went merrily round, with a velocity that made it difficult for me to distinguish the several riders.

"That wheel," said Sanders, "puts me in mind of those in Ezekiel's vision. It is full of living creatures, forming wheels within wheels. You must certainly become a candidate for a place near the centre of gravitation, Mr. Lyttleton, and that must be by speaking a few extempore lines, no matter what they are, give them a graceful utterance, and your market is made for ever. Do you not observe that fat fair lady next the throne," continued the Doctor. "Yes," said I, "I have noticed her some time. Is she
to

to be my patroness, Doctor?" "Oh! no," cried the self-created graduate, with a degree of passion which I had not discovered in him before; "the literary lady of Lincoln's-inn-fields sits now on the farther side of the circle; now she comes round—a maiden—forty-five also—both Wilkes's number!—mind her eyes—her graceful mien—her white hand!—smiling countenance—her neat foot—her taper leg—her——."

The Doctor was interrupted by the lady in the centre, who, causing the motion of the machine and the music to cease for a moment, desired him to bid me commence candidate. The Caledonian urged me on towards the wheel. I stood in the attitude of an orator, till the company had taken a few more turns round; and as soon as they were attentive, threw out the following lines, not applicable to any lady on the wheel.

Amid seraphic—solemn sound,
 Begirt with glowing gladness round,
 My soothed soul to rapture springs,
 And soars sublime on Fancy's wings.

While

Whilst carol hymns salute my ear,
 And beauty flies in swift career,
 I spy a nymph of comely mien,
 And virtuous as Britannia's queen;
 Of beauteous form, and graceful air,
 And count her fairest of the fair.
 Her smiles my raptur'd bosom fire;
 Her charms my captive soul inspire;
 With eager eye I fondly gaze,
 And feel the flame amid amaze!
 Lo, all surrounding beauties fade,
 Contrasted with the lovely maid.
 The high-bred beauties sink before
 The matchless maid whom I adore,

These lines being delivered with force,
 obtained more applause than they merited
 from the company. The lady from Lin-
 coln's-inn-fields sprang down from her ele-
 vation, caught my hand, and led me to the
 circumference. I helped up her Ladyship,
 and then mounting myself, rode round amidst
 the motley merry makers.

But I soon found that all this pleasantry
 served but as a prelude to a sermon from the
 throne; which, as soon as the machine again
 ceased its motion, was delivered as follows;

The

The STORY of PETER PUFFLEY,
*the PASTRY COOK, as read in the School for
Scandal, by the literary lady at Enfield.*

“WHAT the critics have observed in the character of a late celebrated Nobleman, remarkable for his humor, may with much propriety be applied to our little hero: “He is composed of whim, congee, and wickedness. The whole of his art is pillaged from the dancing-master, the devil, the taylor, and the perfumer.”

“Some people eternally act in masquerade, always appear to be what they are not; and, by an imperceptable flight of hand, cheat with the most singular dexterity, even before your face.

The coxcomb, who is the subject of our evening lecture, in the very dawn of life, shewed a violent propensity to the refined art of appearing to be what he was not. Every action of his life before his marriage, and whilst he paid his addresses to the daughter of a certain reputable merchant, was replete with grimace and cunning. His dress was
singularly

singularly superb, significant and extravagant. No fop ever sacrificed more to finery; hardly any lady of the *ton* ever devoted more time to the decoration of her person, than our hero. His cloaths were the richest in the whole circle of beaux, even when he slept in the shop, and made his bed with the dogs under the counter. The suit, in which he obtained the consent of the lady, exceeded that of Lord Foppington himself. Every part was nicely calculated to set off his fine person to the utmost advantage. None but his Majesty's tradesmen could equip him in all his gaudy attire. His taylor cut one of the boldest strokes in his business when he cut his coat, and discovered a judgement surpassing that of all his cotemporaries in trade, when he chose the buttons for our hero. The cock of his beaver was the best, the smartest, and most military. The heels of his shoes were scarlet, his calves were stuffed: the handle of his sword was richly ornamented with gems; his air was gaiety itself, and his steps were the most gaceful that the dancing-

dancing-master could teach him. His hair-dresser was chosen from the most skilful of the tribe, a man of science, who had written a treatise on his trade, and proved, by arguments the most irrefragable, that man would have been but a simple being, had he remained just as he fell from the fingers of his Creator, and not had recourse to the touches of the tonser, to give the finishing stroke. The resplendent locks and tail of Puffley, decorated with aromatic powder, and pomatum the most odoriferous, eclipsed the curls and pig-tails of all the prodigals of his parish, and would have dazzled the drawing-room at St. James's on a birth-night.

“ But what were all the supreme decorations of dress, a strutting stride, a graceful gait, an erect body, a white hand; or even that which the fair so much admire: I mean an impudent, bold, unblushing countenance, without the superior arts of flattery and deceit?

“ Puffley was intent on the lady, and resolved to make himself pass for somebody of consequence.

consequence. He threw out, in the circle of her intimate friends, that he was a young fellow of fortune, descended from a noble family in France: and as to his figure, every person who had the happiness to behold our Lilliputian pastry-cook, give him credit, when he declared that his uncle was a Marquis of immense wealth, who intended to make him his sole heir.

“The fair one lived in Gracechurch-street, and our hero, thus equipped, having viewed his sweet smirking face in every glass in his house, adjusted his cambrick ruffles, surveyed his legs, wiped the head of his cane, settled a luxuriant tuft that started up in the centre of his towering toupee, set out on his intended expedition to the land of matrimony, and dominion of Dame Fortune.

“Looking on the face of his watch, he observes, that he is rather before his time. He stalks into the London Tavern, cuts a few comely capers along the room, again surveys his charming countenance in all the glasses, takes up a paper of the day—does
not

does not read—lays it down—takes up another—d——s Woodfall—makes a fresh revolution about the room.—All admire—in his warm imagination—all revere—all adore him.—Suddenly he starts! looks at his watch and exclaims, it is past five, as I hope——his Lordship has disappointed me!—Waiter! call a coach! I shall be obliged to meet my noble friend in a hackney vehicle!—See that it is a neat clean carriage, Sir,—for my rascal has mistaken the time—with a plague to him!

“ By such manœuvres had little Puffley often imposed on people at public places, and now he is bent to make his market at once, by marrying the lady, in the character of a great man.

“ He meets his enraptured charmer, and gains the consent of her father and friends. The day of the nuptial joys is pointed out by the fair one, and nothing is wanting but the fiat of the priest, and the aid of fortune, to complete his wishes.

“ The over-credulous father of the fair one is so immoderately fond of his promising

son-in-law, that he neglects every necessary caution. The morning arrives—the licence is procured—the bride adorns herself; and, with her maids, proceeds to church. At the very instant Puffley makes his superb appearance like the sun coming forth from his chamber—his gilded carriage—his borrowed vehicle, attended by a groupe of livery servants, who are taught to pay reverence to their mock master, as he descends, struts into the sacred porch, and proceeds to the altar.

“The wife of the parson, alas! also is present at the proposed solemnity. She has eyes—knows the bride, and knows also the bridegroom!—The parson’s spouse was fond of custards, pies, and all sorts of pastry.—She had often employed Puffley to bake her dainties—and now cannot forbear exclaiming, “How do you do, Mr. Puffley!”

This to our hero was worse than a hurricane or an earthquake. He was that moment quite unmanned, and gave evident signs of woe—for all was lost!—He sunk down on his knees

knees towards the altar. The servants took the opportunity to sneak out of church.—The parson was almost petrified. The bride and her friends stood like so many monuments of admiration. During the amazement, which should have closed the ceremony, and not preceded it, Puffley began to recover, looked round—saw that all his servants were gone,—feigned sickness, and was about to withdraw, when the parson cried, “Will your Lordship be pleased to step half an hour into the vestry?—the time allowed by the canon is not near expired.”

“Now you are to know that our hero had a right, by the curtesy of England, to the title which he assumed. This the parson’s lady was well aware of; but little thought that her husband, in the holy place, would have addressed him as my Lord. She looked our hero again full in the face. He would rather have beheld the Witch of Endor. But she would not forget her pastry-cook, but begged Mr. Puffley to walk with her into the vestry. He could not refuse. The company followed.—

Matters soon were explained. Puffley was charged with a fraud, and sent to bridewell by the chief magistrate of the city, before whom he was carried from church, and so left the disappointed fair one, with her astonished father and friends, to bewail her misfortune.

“ I have only to add, that this fellow, so disguised, has been admitted into almost every club about the metropolis, and once actually belonged to this, where I have the honor to preside. He is still in confinement, and, as the licence was forged, he will be tried at the Old Bailey.”

The lady ended her oration, which left an impression on my mind, not very favorable to this society of triflers. But I had no reason to repent my attendance at the ovation, as I met my amiable fair one, and found opportunity of conversation in her company, after retiring from the club. The lady, whom the doctor had pointed out as my employer and patroness, found means that evening to mention her tragedy, and actually offered to advance a considerable sum, as soon as the

first

first act should be finished, if it met her ladyship's approbation.

Though it was grown late in the evening, my friend, Sanders, insisted on returning to town, as the weather was calm, and the moon almost full, shining in resplendent majesty. I consented to walk home with him, and so taking my leave of the lady, set out from Enfield about ten o'clock.

Sanders was an entertaining companion upon the road, except when he alarmed my fears by the recital of robberies, and the story of the thief-catchers, who swore away the life of an innocent man, for the reward offered by government. I found him possessed of a strong memory, as he could refer with considerable precision to any remarkable period of history. He proposed several tales of domestic sadness as the ground of a good tragedy, one of which he had mentioned, he said, to my promised patroness, and which she had approved.

I was giving my opinion of the story, when three men passed us on the other side of the

road, and bade us both a good night. We had scarce time to return the apparently good-natured compliment, when they turned round and crossed over to our side. The moon at that moment shone with unclouded brightness, and I immediately saw that all the men had their faces covered with something black.

They accosted us in the coarsest language, and demanded our money, with the most horrid oaths I had ever heard. I had presence of mind enough to beg that they would not offer violence to our persons, as the little money we had should be freely given up. One of the fellows caught the word *freely*, retorted it in my teeth, and swore he would have my money or life immediately, *freely* or against our wish—no matter which.

The poor doctor, who was in much more terror than myself, pulled out a little silver, and a few halfpence, and cried, "Gentlemen, we are two poor *authors*, and you well know that people of our profession seldom carry much money about them!" They took what he offered, searched his pockets, and pulling
out

out a manuscript, threw it away over the hedge, swearing that they wanted no methodist sermons, or presbyterian pamphlets.

All the three ruffians now kept close to me, and by their motion, with the pistols, seemed, as if intent on murder. I vehemently implored them to be merciful, as they had nothing to dread from a stranger, who did not intend to remain long in the country. One of them snapped his piece, whilst the other two rifled my pockets, and took all the money about me, which was five guineas, and four or five shillings. It happened that the noise of a carriage upon the road, at but an inconsiderable distance, made them desist from any farther violence, and saved me my watch, which they had not time to take from my fob.

The villains ran over the way, got into a field, and disappeared. We informed the two gentlemen, when they came up, that we had been just robbed by three foot-pads. They told us that they could not pretend to pursue them, as they were in a chaise, but offered
their

their protection, if we chose to get up. I accepted the offer, and got in along with the gentlemen; but Sanders, who went over the fence to get his manuscript, was obliged to mount up behind. We alarmed the people at every turnpike gate, and the next morning laid an information of the robbery before a magistrate in a street near Moorfields, whose clerk took down our addresses, and said he would send for us, as soon as the robbers were taken.

This loss so much reduced the little stock which I had left, that I dreaded being overtaken by that frightful form, which all so fast flee from; that *armed man* ycleaped *want*, who appears even more horrible than the thieves who had taken my money. I began the play according to the instruction of my female friend; and having in about a fortnight finished an act, at least the first writing of it, and shewing it to her, immediately experienced her bounty.

Whilst I was thus engaged, the doctor one day came to my apartment in the city, and
told

told me that the men were in custody, having been taken in the perpetration of another foot-pad robbery; and that one of them being admitted king's evidence, had confessed before the above magistrate, that himself and two associates had robbed two *authors* in the Enfield road on a certain evening. Whilst the doctor was so saying, a young fellow, not unlike one of the robbers, came to the door with a note from the clerk, to desire my immediate attendance at the public office. I did not hesitate a moment, but followed the fellow, in company with my friend Sanders.

The instant I entered the office I saw two men in irons standing at the bar, and another, with a lighter link, on their right legs, with the runners. I recognized all their faces immediately; not from any observation made on the evening when I was robbed coming from Enfield, but from what I well remembered both on board the hulk at Sunderland and in Yorkshire, the scenes of which I have already described. Barret and Cowling were at the bar, and Stubbs was evidence for the crown.

crown. I asked him what was become of Pollard, their other Yorkshire companion? He blasted his eyes, and swore that he had been hanged at York about a twelvemonth. I cannot say that I was extremely sorry at the information, for that fellow was the most artful, wicked, and incorrigible of the gang, and truly a most abominable pest to society. His reign had been long, and sometimes successful; but justice, which will by no means clear the guilty, had long followed him. The broad eye of the Almighty goes to and fro through the whole earth, beholding the evil and the good, in order to bestow, at length, a due reward on the latter, and inflict a proper punishment upon the former.

Justice and goodness in HIS plan unite:

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

These men were first charged, by a gentleman of Hackney, with having robbed him of cash to the value of twenty-five pounds, and also his gold watch, which was an old family piece, and very remarkable. This robbery
was

was committed a few days after that of Sanders and me. The gentleman swore positively to the watch, which had been stopped by an honest Israelite, who appeared in the office, and swore to Barrett; and Cowling was almost positively sworn to by the gentleman, whose evidence, and that of the Jew, were corroborated by the testimony of Stubbs, who entertained the magistrate with a circumstantial account of the whole transaction; owned the various robberies that they had committed since their return to Middlesex, and mentioned ours in particular.

I informed the magistrate, that I could not swear to the prisoners, because their faces were hid at the time of the robbery; but gave it as a matter of opinion, from their voices, that they were the persons. The justice happened to ask me if I had ever seen the men before? [perhaps he overheard me speak to the evidence.] This put me under the necessity of relating what I knew of them, both from my own observation, and what I had heard from their own mouths, at a time when
they

they were in no dread of being detected. Sanders could not say any thing positively against them; on the whole, as far as we were concerned, resting on the bare word of the accomplice, I wished to be excused from prosecuting them. The Justice would not suffer me to decline, but yet could not bind me over to appear, as I was under the age which the law requires. Sanders, however, entered in to a bond for his appearance; though, indeed, there was but little need of binding him, as the first prosecution appeared to be sufficient to bring the culprits to that justice which they had long evaded. Stubbs was sent back to bridewell, and the two prisoners were committed to New Prison, Clerkenwell, for trial the next session.

This happened during a long vacation, and the offenders lay above eight weeks in New Prison, before they were removed to Newgate. Sanders several times paid them a visit, and becoming intimate with the keeper, was suffered to employ part of his time in making observations on the prisoners, and
drawing

drawing up the lives of such as were most likely to adorn the Newgate calendar, which he was then writing for a bookseller in Paternoster-row. He also grew acquainted with Jonas Hanway, Esq. one of the governors of the Magdalen Hospital, and communicated to that truly patriotic gentleman what he observed in the above prison, and the bridewell adjoining to it; to which he had free access, through the humanity of Mr. Hall, the governor.

Sanders one day prevailed upon me to accompany him to both these places. There I saw our prisoners rioting with their ladies, and faring sumptuously on choice viands, whilst many of the poor wretches of the places had nothing to depend upon but the little penny loaf allowed each of them every twenty-four hours. This miserable pittance was distributing whilst I entered the hall; and I was much shocked to see with what eagerness the poor miserable wretches approached the gate to receive it. Most of them immediately devoured their morsel, and ran to the pump

for their water of affliction, expecting no other meal till the next day. I observed one poor friendless unfortunate, surrounded by an ungodly groupe, put his loaf into his pocket, in order to carry it to a recluse corner to eat; but before he could reach the opposite side of the yard, one of the pick-pocket boys stole it from him. It is almost impossible to express the grief that the man discovered when he returned to the gate, and complained to the governor, who was present. But all the redress he met from the modern Peachum, was no more than a few curses, with a caution to keep his bread better for the future, or eat it before the boys could *touch him*. The thieves observing that the poor fellow met no encouragement for a future information, hussled him into the shade; when one pinned a piece of paper to his peruke, and another set fire to it, which immediately caused a tumult of laughter among the genteel part of the fellows, in which they were cordially joined by the keeper and his runners.

These

These sons of infamy and cruelty glory in their shame, and proudly plume themselves upon their superiority in wickedness. This callous breed of barbarians were early initiated to the mysteries of mischief, and have been long trained in the paths of wickedness. Thus incorrigible and case-hardened in their hearts, they determine to make every one as miserable as themselves. The frequent examples of condign punishment have hardly the least effect upon such people, who have so long been habituated to behold vice and its consequences through a false medium. The numerous escapes which they themselves have had from detection and punishment, emboldens them to persevere in the road to ruin, and *because sentence against their evil works, is not speedily executed, therefore are their hearts set upon sin.*

Here, in one common mass, are mingled the innocent and guilty, the novice in sin, and the veteran in vice; contrary to all rules of equity and reason, and diametrically opposite to the plan of Mr. Hanway, whom I just mentioned. Had the magistrates of Middle-

sex attended, and submitted to that good gentleman's directions, much evil might have been prevented. Had those who were committed for trivial offences, perhaps to gratify the malevolence of the prosecutor, or swell the volumes of the magistrates, been partitioned off from the full-grown sinners, and debarred all intercourse with the boasting blasphemers, it might have been expected that they would come out, if not bettered, at least uncontaminated. Instead of which, they are kept in the centre; the first class of the academy, and brought up at the feet of the most infamous fellows that ever set themselves against society—Fellows who feel no remorse at the recapitulation of every crime which they have committed, and which, with fixed resolves, they propose to renew, whenever they are freed from the coercion of justice.

But this evil is still more apparent in the adjacent gaol: I mean bridewell, to which I also attended Sanders. Here a young man on a charge of bastardy, or an unfortunate fair one, for being disorderly, if poor and penniless,

nylefs, must keep company with pick-pockets, house breakers, highwaymen, and all the species of villains provided against by the law, who are perpetually, day and night, reading lectures of immorality to their new scholars, who have no time afforded for sober reflection, whereby they might repent, and form resolutions to amend their lives. It is this that causes a gaol in London, or its environs, to prove worse than a pest-house; for however small may be the impurity of a person on his being first put in prison, he is sure to come out, if acquitted or enlarged for want of prosecution, most intolerably obnoxious and infectious to society.

Whilst I was standing with the doctor in the outer court, near the governor's door, two loud knocks were given at the great gate. "Let us stand up close," said Sanders, "for there are prisoners coming into the yard." He had no sooner so said, than the gate opened to receive a whole string of desperate-looking fellows, who came in with loud shouts and acclamations, as if they had been taking